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WORLD SOCCER

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

DECEMBER 1973

BANIK OSTRAVA

Left to right:

Back row: Lehocky, Levinsky, Barsch, Pelech (masseur), Kolecko, Mochel, Tondra.

Middle row: Schmucker, Kvasnica, Vojacek, Klement, Herot, Huml, Albrecht, Mandik.

Front row: Vojkuvka, Jirousek, Sklar (technical director), Pospichal (coach), Cisar (chairman), Hatar, Micka.

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Give it to Clough

THE dust has still to settle on England's World Cup elimination. And it is not likely to until something positive is done to map out the future of football, at club as well as international level, in this country.

The drab England display against Italy underlined that the game is ailing over here. Bobby Moore said in a newspaper column that England created 15 chances but missed them all. His point was that we need better and more skilful marksmen. True. But did England really create 15 chances?

It depends on your definition of a chance. England, so lacking in ideas of how to break down a well organised defence, may have come close a few times but only once did they genuinely carve out an opportunity. The old tactic of pumping balls into the penalty area reared its ugly head. It wouldn't be so bad if any of the players could at least cross the ball well.

New players, with fresh ideas, are required. It would be foolish and wrong to throw out all the present incumbents of the side. But a better balance is wanted, even at the expense of one of the Clarke-Channon-Osgood trio.

It was good to see Osgood back in the international arena. But he had little chance to shine. Most of the balls he received were either waist or head high, with an Italian defender breathing down his neck. Bell worked hard as ever but achieved little and Currie is a disappointment. And only Ramsey knows why Peters plays in the first place.

More than new players, a new manager is essential. Ramsey should hand over gracefully now so that a new man can be brought in with time to plan the future. The next international is not until April.

Who should take over? Give the job to Brian Clough and Peter Taylor (with apologies to Brighton). The Football Association can afford to pay them £30,000 a year. And it would be the first, long overdue, positive step from Lancaster Gate.

Clough isn't the best diplomat in the world, and would doubtless upset a few people along the way. England would be better off with those sort of problems than the ones she is being suffocated by at present.

GREAT VISION

NO one, but no one, has done more for international football in the last decade than Sir Stanley Rous . . . a man of great vision, achievement and integrity. For the Russians to suggest that it is he who has brought about their World Cup withdrawal, as a ploy to get England back in the competition, is a despicable slur on his record.

There is a valid argument why the Russians don't want to play in the national stadium in Santiago. But that is no reason why they should not play in another stadium in Chile. And they should have voiced their protests earlier—not after they had been held to a 0-0 draw in Moscow.

Even after the coup in Chile, the Russians were prepared to play in Santiago. They even got round to discussing a division of television fees. Their refusal to play on a ground "stained by blood" came only after the first leg. For their claims to have any credibility at all, they should have come immediately after the previous Government was removed, forcibly, from power.

Sir Stanley, and FIFA, have acted correctly. Even if Poland, East Germany and Bulgaria decided to support Russia by withdrawing—and there is little to support such thinking—England would not automatically gain access to the Finals. Another qualifying group would have to be organised; and on current form England would probably fail there, too.

Russia should immediately apologise to Sir Stanley Rous. He deserves much more than to be subjected to wild, unfounded accusations from a country which should know better.

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BRIAN GLANVILLE poses the vital question..

ENGLAND WHERE NO

A BLEAK picture. For all the "new professionalism" of sturdy Sir Alf, his divine ability to get through to the players, his undeniable attention to their needs—at least so long as they were representing England—he failed as Walter Winterbottom never failed. He failed, that is, to get England through to the finals of a World Cup; and let it be pointed out that it is the only time that he was obliged to try.

My own feeling remains that he should never have stayed so long, that he had given all he had to give by the end of the 1970 World Cup, if not before, and that he should then have had the grace and good judgement to go. The writing was starkly on the wall at the time of the disastrous quarter-finals of the Nations Cup last year, against West Germany. Ramsey totally misread the first game, which he virtually presented on a plate to the Germans.

Allan Clarke of England.

In the second game, where victory alone could keep England in the tournament, he made no attempt whatsoever to achieve it. Instead, he chose to protect himself by putting out a strictly negative, defensive side, with a midfield full of what may politely be called ball-winners, but for whom I can think of other, more appropriate names.

Television

When I was on a television programme with Alan Ball, the day after the debacle against Poland, we disagreed about two things. Ball, properly enough as a Ramsey man through and through, who had been called by Alf to the colours when just twenty, objected to my calling Ramsey a slow thinker. He also insisted that it was not Ramsey's fault if the players simply were not there. Ball, indeed, evinced an extreme pessimism which would not have been out of place in some senator in the declining days of the Roman Empire. The game, he felt, was dying. Boys just weren't playing it any more. The talent was no longer coming through.

There is a certain substance to what he said, but I cannot feel as pessimistic as he. After all, Scotland got through. Good luck to them, but to suggest that they are a measurably better team than England, who had beaten them twice without conceding a goal during 1973, would be ludicrous.

Leaving aside for the moment the question of players, to which I shall most certainly return, it is still evident that the blame for our failure lies squarely on the shoulders of Ramsey. Moreover, one of the chief reasons it must do so is precisely because he did not make the best use of the admittedly few international class players who were there.

Of these, Mike Channon provides the best example. Last season, the 1-1 draw at home to Yugoslavia was a source of hope thanks to the performances of Joe Royle, who also soon succumbed to a back injury, and Channon. Channon's reward, not being—and knowing he wasn't—the sort of player Sir Alf admires and encourages, was promptly to be dropped.

Without him, the team squeaked to a win in Wales, but made heavy work even of gaining a draw in the return, at Wembley. In both matches, Ramsey used Hunter, essentially a defender, as a midfield player, and though he splendidly scored the equalising goal at Wembley, it still impoverished our midfield. Kevin Keegan, preferred to Channon in Cardiff, failed there; and stayed in for Wembley.

So to Katowice. Fervent promises from Sir Alf that England would not play a defensive game. What, in fact, occurred? Lo and behold, England take the field with a 4-4-2 formation in which Storey is preferred to Channon.

Exaggerated

Yet Ramsey still had a chance to put things right! He might have got away with his exaggerated caution had it not been for Poland's dubious goal in the eighth minute. But then there was nothing to be done but to attack; and where were the attackers? Chivers, with only Clarke to help him, was at sea. Storey is what may politely be described as a defensive half-back.

As the match wore on, it cried out for Channon, but Sir Alf made no substitution at all. At Wembley, as we all know, he did make one; in the 88th minute. His almost incredible excuse was that he, an international team manager of a decade's experience, had lost track of the time.

Alan Ball fumed that I had never been inside the England dressing-room at half-time, had never heard the advice Sir Alf gave his team.

ND— NOW?

WORLD SOCCER presents an in-depth analysis of England's elimination from the World Cup, its implications and, most important, the future

Indeed I hadn't; but what of it? Nothing he told his team that day in Katowice did anything to change the result, or to mitigate the fact that he had the chance to alter an ill-chosen team, and didn't take it. Nothing he may or may not have said about high balls to the far post at Wembley in the dressing-room has any bearing on the fact that his substitution was beyond the bounds of logical explanation; unless his watch had stopped.

Extended

I have suggested that Ramsey did not make good use of or encourage those gifted players who he had. Channon was one. Jimmy Greaves, earlier on, was another; how apt that after the Wembley match against Poland, Sir Stanley Rous should lament that it was a Greaves whom we missed near goal! The list, however, can be considerably extended. Three years or so ago, it looked as if Alan Hudson had the talent to become the finest constructive English inside-forward for years.

With the advantage of hindsight, one may sneer at this, may say that he has not displayed the character, the strength of purpose, but would it not be equally germane to say that nothing done by Sir Alf was calculated to give him confidence?

Remember the international tournament, a season and a half ago, when Ramsey treated him like Torquemada. First he was picked for the party, thus missing a most pleasant Chelsea tour to the West Indies. He was told, however, that he would not be wanted at Cardiff against Wales (God only knows why) left out of the Wembley game against Northern Ireland, then discarded from the party to go to Scotland. He then pulled out of an Under 23 tour, and was given a two-year suspension. What a splendid way to encourage your young players, especially those as manifestly susceptible as Hudson!

Some players have talent, some players have character, some players, though very few, have both. I do not think it unfair to suggest that the way Ramsey treated Hudson was exquisitely calculated to demoralise him. And while we are about it, who told Geoff Hurst that he, so loyal an England player for so long, had finally been dropped from the team? Ramsey? No; his manager, Ron Greenwood.

Disappointed

Rodney Marsh is another case in point. He is a player I have long respected and, as a spectator, enjoyed. I was one of those who pressed his claims for England. Equally, I was one of those disappointed by his performances when he was picked. This season, he has accused Ramsey of obliging him to play a game foreign to his own, so that there could be no joy in his appearance for England, and little chance of success. The more cynical suggested that Ramsey knew this as well as anybody.

Yet he has persisted in the most baffling way with a player as maddeningly disappointing as Martin Chivers, the mountain of whose prodigious gifts has produced such a series of squeaking mice in performance for his country. Macdonald, it is true, failed at international level when given a chance, while Richards, plainly misused, was unimpressive in his only game, and started this season poorly.

Injured

Yet by the time of the Polish attack, Ramsey had put himself in a position where he had nobody he *could* use but Chivers, not having used Osgood against Austria, after putting him in the team—and therefore scarcely being able to call upon him even had he not been injured, for the Polish game. Chivers failed again, on that night, but why blame him? Everybody knew he was off form.

Space forbids me to expand on the question of to what extent Ramsey's negative, wingless, destructive policies have discouraged the emergence of talent in this country, but I do not think we can exonerate him. From July, 1966, it has been downhill all the way; and now we are sitting disconsolate as Jack and Jill.

ERIC BATTY, a consistent critic of England, se

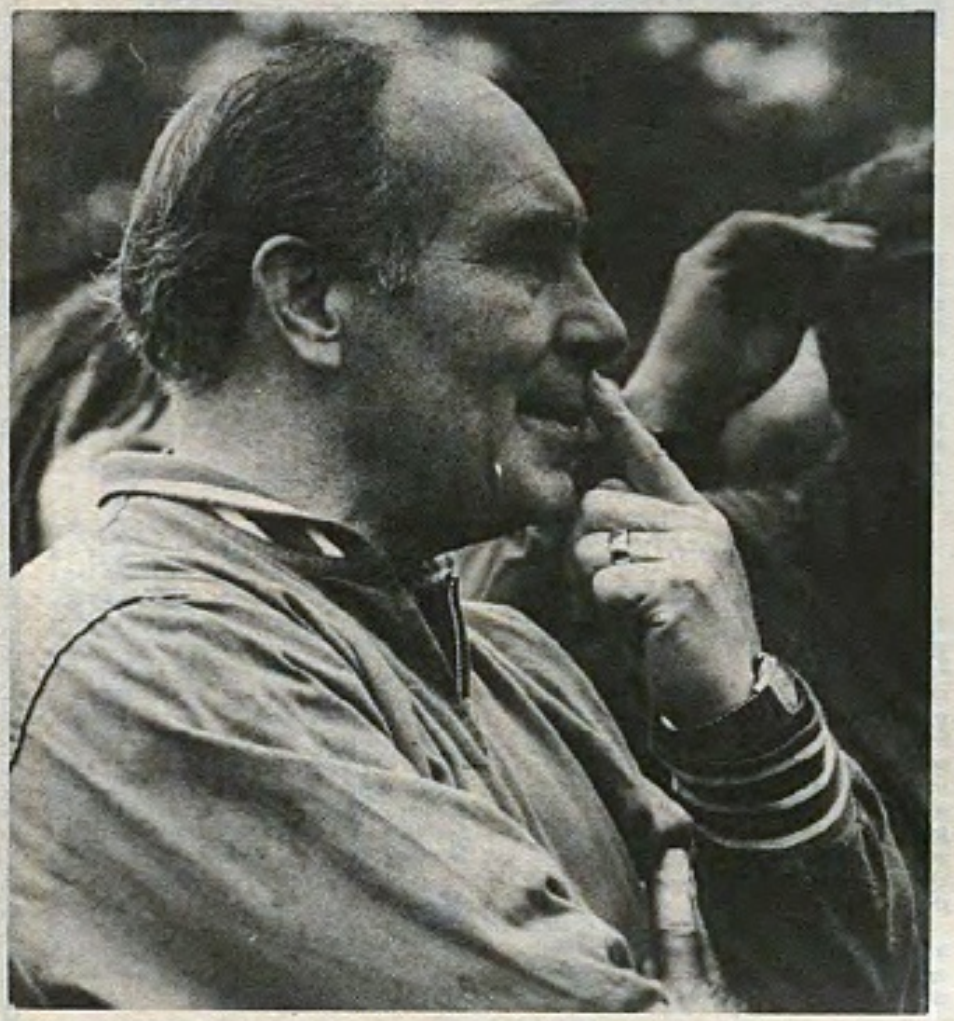
Is there a desire for c

ENOUGH time has elapsed since England's elimination from the World Cup for everyone with something to say, whether it be critical or constructive, to say it. Thousands of words have been written about it and if one or two voices have hinted at the true facts, no one yet has had the courage (and the insight) to come out clearly and spell it all out.

The three salient comments that I sought and failed to find concerned Ramsey, England and the Poles.

Sir Alf Ramsey, inevitably perhaps, has borne the brunt of the criticism. If he wasn't actually blamed for the 1-1 draw he was certainly reminded that the wretched performance against Wales at Wembley (1-1) and the defeat at Chorzow were occasions on which he threw points away.

To blame Ramsey for it all is to miss the point and his biggest critics now are not those like me—who, against the tide of popular opinion knocked him and his brand of fighting football in 1966—but those who shouted his praises loudest when we won the World Cup.



England team manager Sir Alf Ramsey.

Ramsey has not changed. He remains basically the same capable manager of mediocre players; unimaginative in his team selections, utterly boring in his consistent insistence that "England played very well, I was very satisfied with all the players' performances." You can't take Ramsey both ways. If you praised him in 1966 and applauded when he was knighted, it is hypocrasy to cane him now. It was a national failure—for in a country of more than 50 million people it can never be just one man's fault.

England, of course, could not have tried harder on the night. With hindsight, many people would have left out Martin Chivers; but reflect for a moment on just one instance in that 93 minutes when England failed to beat Poland. Hunter was widely criticised for the error that let Poland in for their goal, but think—if Hunter had fouled Lato, the Poles would never have scored and England could have won 1-0 and qualified. This was how we did it in 1966. Is that really what you all wanted against Poland. If so, would it really have done us any good, even if it did mean that we would have taken part in the World Cup Final stages in West Germany next year?

Iceberg

NO. The England team is only the tip of a huge iceberg that is the whole of English football. It is the English game that stands indicted now. Not Ramsey, not Chivers, not the England team—but English football. It is the game over-all that should be investigated and everyone connected with the game as it is played in England must accept his share of the responsibility.

There is, in my view, very little that is good in English football. Indeed, as I have often stated clearly in this context, it is doubtful if we really play football. What passes for the game in England is at best a very poor imitation of what the Hungarians produced in 1953, what

ngled, says a revolution is required. But...

e any real r change?

Real Madrid showed us under the guidance of Di Stefano, what Kopa, Pele, Didi, Puskas did their best to remind us of and what West Germany and Ajax have presented in more recent times.

The English game is not really football, based as it should be on skill with the ball, intelligent running off it. English football is better described as a game called fight-ball or kick-ball.

What we have in abundance is determination, strength, power, speed, morale and physical courage and a cocky over-confidence, arrogance even, in our attitude towards foreigners. "Oh yes," the English have said for the last 30 years to my certain knowledge, "the continentals can stroke the ball about, they can weave patterns, but they can't really play." What the English meant was that the best foreign players do not like being kicked from behind; they haven't the courage to get inside an England penalty area, accept the stick and still show their skills. We have the players to intimidate most of the world's top stars.

Organisation

We got away with it, apart from momentary lapses . . . Hungary at Wembley; Real Madrid at club level and more recently the West Germans in Mexico and at Wembley, and now Poland.

It is not Ramsey nor the England team that is responsible for the present state of English football. It is the game itself, our organisation, our ruling bodies, our coaching scheme, our press with its penchant for over-praising ordinary players and our public for failing to recognise that football is a game of skill above all . . . and it is the best of the foreigners that have the skill.

The third point concerns the Poles who in all the after-match slanging and criticism came and went with little or no comment. Before the match our alleged experts had already written them off. Some were "thick"—unintelligent; others were clowns, and Musial couldn't play at all. In fact, even without their best player, Wlodzimierz Lubanski, the Poles proved at Wembley that they really could play.

For all England's territorial advantage, despite all the high balls that were pumped into Poland's penalty area, it was the Poles who were the more positive, the more creative . . . *in their breakaways.* On balance, although England had more of the play, it was the Polish attack that threatened most. Their running in attack without the ball—Lato, Domarski and Gadocha running laterally across the pitch every time a Pole came out with the ball into midfield was really first class. Make no mistake, Poland can play real football and no one in England has come flat out and said it.

What needs to be done now? A hundred things. But above all, the English as a nation must open their eyes and learn to accept facts, to digest the truth no matter how unpalatable it may be. Even now, out of the World Cup and

> "It is not Ramsey or the England team that is responsible for the state of English football"

though full of empty criticism, there is no sign of acceptance in England that we are no longer one of the top ten football nations in the world.

This is the first thing that needs to be done. Accept the fact that our football is second rate. Our brand of fight-ball is still perhaps the best in the world and certainly is at Wembley. We proved that in 1966 and could do it again. But fight-ball is not **football.**

English football is not the best in the world. This is the message that must be accepted. The press should come out and say it . . . which they have not yet done. The television experts should spread it around the living room of every home in the country and if Sir Alf Ramsey has an important part to play in the future of the game, he too should come out into the open and say it plainly, firmly and publicly.

Until this unpalatable fact is accepted then we cannot go through the necessary exercise of modernising our game. **English football is not the best in the world.** It probably hasn't been since about 1932!

Once the first shock of the English disaster had worn off some of the critics tried to be constructive. The more intelligent recognised that it was not all Alf Ramsey's fault. But the general approach in this respect has been to look forward with a renewed (and quite unjustified optimism) to the future. Now they said we must begin to plan for the 1978 World Cup in Argentina, to re-build the England team for the 1976 European Championship.

Chance

These people miss the point completely. To have any chance in any future World Cup—not of qualifying, but of winning the trophy, we must reorganise our game now. This reorganisation must start at the top, in the administrative bodies and our top clubs and go right down to the pitches in the public parks and the game at schoolboy level.

If we ignore the 1966 World Cup when everything was stacked high in England's favour, it is a fact that we have never got beyond the quarter-finals. What this means is that on neutral grounds (which is the only place where the real truth lies) we have never been better than . . . one of the top eight football countries. Think about that—and let it sink in. Recognise it.

Only if we face up to that fact can we build up enough pressure to force through the necessary changes that will put our national game on a par with the football played in the best continental countries.

These changes should start at the top—at the Football Association. There it

● Continued overleaf

● Continued from previous page

is that the real power still lies. At the top table—the FA Council—the majority of members come from the counties, the Armed forces and the schools. The weight is predominantly amateur and old-age appears to be a necessary qualification. This because election to a place on the council can only be gained after many years of devoted service, attending interminable meetings at county level.

The FA should confine itself to the organisation of the amateur game and in conjunction with the Football League, organise and administrate for representative teams.

The FA's coaching scheme with its tentacles stretching out through the counties across the whole country needs drastic revision. Within this movement the overwhelming emphasis is placed not on football but on physical education with a majority of appointed officials opting for football after qualifying in PE at places like Loughborough College. Here we should have football men, but take care. Do not be misled, as so many are, that ex-professional players are necessarily the right men.

Talent

The vast majority of professional players have more talent in their feet or strength in their physique than they have common sense. What is needed is men with an instinctive feeling for the game, imagination and a belief in "flair" or what I prefer to call individual expression of skill allied to intelligence.

The coaching scheme needs drastic revision. Let us beg Walter Winterbottom to go back and reorganise it . . . if he will accept the task after years of being ignored by the English. Almost unanimously, the ex-player goes on an FA coaching course and says openly . . . "do it their way for the exam, and then after you've passed, work with your club according to your own ideas."

Teachers

Meanwhile, the teachers and youth club leaders who attended in the hope that they might learn something about the game goes away bewildered by the technical jargon of the pseudo experts. Many of them end up, in ignorance, schooling their boys between 10 and 14 in playing a rigid 4-4-2 system with the emphasis on kicking any opponent who demonstrates above average ability.

At club level the game is dominated by business men who buy their way into a club, probably never having played or coached. They put up money that is invariably spent on buying new players, often no better than those they already have and convinced that the methods that enabled them to build up their chain of fruit stores will bring success in football. Worse still, the wealthiest and most influential of these businessmen are elected to the Management Committee of the Football League and run the professional game as if it were a supermarket chain.

Any real desire for change?

The real problems lie far below the level of the England team. They go deep and are widespread. They are not mentioned by the newspapers because that is not what the public wants. What the public wants, it gets—because that is the proven newspaper path to profitability. The same applies to television which is even more influential than the press and also far more profitable.

Turning now to the technical and practical aspect of the game, I find it significant that English football is almost devoid of wingers and just as ruthless, defence-orientated and quite as determined to "get a result" as the Italians have ever been. Yet West Germany in 1972, Ajax at club level and also Poland had and have not one winger . . . but two.

Heynckes, Lato, Gadocha, Rep and Keizer are not old-style wingers who stood isolated on the half-way line until someone gave him the ball. The Matthews style, touchline-hugging, dribbling to the flag and crossing a high ball is out. Gone, probably for good. Wingers today work out wide, drop deep for the ball and move inside looking for goals, adding lateral movement in attack when play develops on the far side.

We have much to do in England but I fear the revolution will not come. There is too much real power in high places and they will not abdicate. And beneath, amongst the masses, I can detect no desire for real change. In fact I am sure that at least 90 per cent of the English public, if asked, would state they are sure that if England played Poland again at Wembley next week they would win and qualifying for the World Cup. In such circumstances why should we change?

Jerzy Gorgon of Poland.

LESLIE VERNON on Ramsey and Clough

England did not deserve Final place

A SOLICITOR friend of mine rang me up the other day, warning me of the possible consequences of some of my remarks: "You're walking a tight-rope, be more diplomatic!"

Okay mate, this month I'll be very, very polite. It will be difficult, but I'll try. I won't say that Sir Alf Ramsey is a disaster as national team manager, and I won't accuse the British Press of standing on its head on his behalf.

But I must make some moderate comments on the matter, because I feel that this is a crucial moment in the history of English football. The fact is that England failed to qualify for the World Cup Finals for the first time. Drawn games at home against such footballing pygmies as Wales and Poland, and the humiliating defeat at Chorzow demonstrated clearly that we did not deserve to go to W. Germany.

Hiding

Any team which scores only three goals in 360 minutes of football, finishes with a negative goal difference, should hang its corporate head in shame, and go into hiding for a couple of years.

Happily (?) we do not do things like that here. We look into a distorted mirror with Rule Britannia written over it, and declare that we are still the strongest nation in the world, and that we were simply unlucky against the Poles. I suppose, similarly, we were even unluckier under the tight-lipped master tactitian without a stop-watch, four times out of four against Brazil, three times in the last few years against W. Germany, and when we drew at home v Switzerland, Bulgaria, Rumania, and any other team you care to mention.

Ivory tower

After the last World Cup, Ramsey said that we had nothing to learn from Brazil. Now he is convinced that we have nothing to learn from Poland. If he is allowed to sit comfortably in his ivory tower at Lancaster Gate, in four years time he might say that we have nothing to learn from Luxembourg or Cyprus.

Following the 2-0 defeat in Poland, Jon, the brilliant cartoonist of the *Daily Mail*, depicted Ramsey walking with a guide dog, carrying a white stick, and wearing dark glasses. The caption read: "We have played tremendously well . . ."

After the Wembley fiasco, poor old Martin Chivers was the fall-guy, because he didn't run around for 90 minutes like a lunatic steamroller. But did Currie play any better? Or Peters? Or Bell, who has had close on 30 indifferent games for England?

We must learn the art to beat tight defences and to change the rhythm of our football. Ramsey has nothing more to offer and he must give way to a better man (not merely a younger one as some of my colleagues "politely" put it).

Yet the Press gave the national team boss an easy ride. Apart from the consistently constructive Brian Glanville, Alan Hoby and David Miller, most of the others put a giant white-wash operation into action, which truly amazed me. People who had privately derided him for years, suddenly sprung to his defence in public. Can they all be masochists who wish to suffer a few more years of Ramsey football?

The *Sunday People* published the findings of their poll in such a slanted fashion it must have been the result of a premeditated editorial policy. 44% of their readers voted for Ramsey and 56% for other alternatives (Clough, Adamson, Revie, the Charlton brothers etc.). "Massive confidence vote for Ramsey" shouted the *People's* headline, "carry on Alf!" Carry on indeed, with perhaps Barbara Windsor as chief coach!

Since when does 44% represent a majority? Even the usually sound Brian James went off his rocker (sorry, I'll rephrase that)—B.J. was gravely mistaken. He wrote that Ramsey's record is an excellent one, no English club plays with wingers and perhaps it was just our turn to lose. What a load of . . . ahem, ahem, tripe!

Since 1966 Ramsey hasn't won one single important match. He is the first manager to lose two consecutive games at Wembley, to make England into the joint 17th country in the world, to lose a match against Italy.

Strikers

No English club plays with three central strikers Mr. James! Lorimer, Gray, Heighway, Houseman, Armstrong, Hinton, Wagstaff, Thomas, Woodward, Hatchison, Best are just a few players you might have heard of.

And it has been our turn to lose for far too long. Seven lean years ought to convince even the most blinkered, chauvinistic, head-in-the-sand ostrich of a sports writer that some tiny little thing somewhere might not be quite perfect.

Unfortunately, the F.A. do not really care about the results and our standing in world football. The loss of half-a-million quid might rattle the sherry glasses slightly in the stately home of football, but the main consideration is that the chappy in charge should be an Establishment figure.

In their estimation, a shortish hair-cut, clean shirt, a neat tie and the right accent are the chief qualities required of an England team manager.

And that brings me to the Brian Clough affair. He is everything Ramsey is not. So the Establishment warned Derby that they should put a muzzle on their fiery young manager, because he was "bringing the game into disrepute". To them it was immaterial that Clough did more for football than his Board of Directors at Derby, or indeed any other collection of provincial tradesmen masquerading as football experts anywhere else.

I am a Brian Clough fan! He does overstep the mark occasionally, but always for the right reasons. It is a tragedy that he was forced to go into professional exile and work in the Third Division. Perhaps if he waited a little longer there would have been an offer from a top club—there was certainly one in the pipe-line from abroad.

But, one of our best football brains chose Brighton, and the show-biz razamataz won't compensate him for the lack of real talent at his disposal. Is it any wonder that English football is in a bad shape, when the national team is badly mis-managed, and the young, progressive coaches are banished into the lower divisions?

Brian Clough.

ARTHUR ROTMIL reports on Polish reaction t the

OFFICIAL PR MAY BE SUB

THE Polish national football team has been reviled by a section of the British press to such an extent, that according to a reliable informant the Polish Embassy is contemplating making an official protest, either at diplomatic level, or directly to the Press Association.

Even strictly neutral observers were astounded by the campaign to discredit the Polish side and specifically certain players, which began immediately after the roughhouse of a match between Poland and Wales at Chorzow on September 26. It appeared to be calculated to whip up the English public's feelings against the allegedly provocative Polish players, and thus help England in her decisive match, which was to determine who goes forward from Group 5 into the World Cup finals in West Germany, next year.

Booed

That this deliberate, and at times quite contemptuous from of instigating resentment towards England's opponents had to a large degree achieved its object, was seen at Wembley in its bare ugliness: the England soccer crowd actually booed during the playing of the Polish national anthem. Thus, the representatives of the country which was Britain's first active ally in the last war and whose relatives died in their thousands whilst fighting on the side of the British troops, all over Europe and Africa, and even protected this country here, were exposed to the most vicious and hostile reception it has ever been my misfortune to witness in any football stadium.

There were several thousand Poles at Wembley. Mostly members, or descendants, of the substantial Polish Forces who had settled in this country after the war. For them it was a moment charged with emotion, as they watched their compatriots about to engage the English in a sporting contest. It is not difficult to imagine how they felt, hearing their national anthem being jeered by the crowd. But no English paper even mentioned the fact. Some even had the effrontery to call that rabble "magnificent"!

I said at the outset, that only a section of the English press was responsible for fomenting this behaviour by the home "fans". I wish I could say that this was just a minority, but I can't. In England it is sadly the minority who reads the so-called quality papers. And for writers like Donald Saunders and Robert Oxby (both Daily Telegraph), Geoffrey Green (The Times), or David Lacey (The Guardian)—to mention just those whose reports I read regularly, I have the warmest admiration. Apart from the occasional, and understandable slant, they write in most cases objectively and in a style which is prevalent in the vast majority of European sports, or daily newspapers.

Unfortunately this cannot be said of some journalists employed by the so-called popular press. Most of them would, I am quite certain, never pass as soccer correspondents in most Continental publications. And I am not merely referring to their notoriously scant and superficial knowledge of international football. Frankly I am at a loss to understand what motivates these, by and large, fairly intelligent men to proffer such opinions as "all foreigners lack physical courage"!

Such a sweeping statement must surely rank as the ultimate peak of arrogance. And this piece of wisdom came from a writer described by his paper as "The Voice of Football"! Equally nauseating was the "warning" by another "expert" on international sport, that "England will be punched, clogged, tripped and chopped by the Poles. And they'll suffer slashed shins and spit in their faces".

A Welsh player called Leighton James, allegedly manhandled in Chorzow, was reported as saying: "I've got studmarks on my eyeballs"! Was this supposed to be accurate information? Or was it meant to be funny? And if neither applies, then why write such rubbish? And worse still, Mr Editor of that popular Sunday paper, why print it? Surely the sole reason for distributing such diabolical assertions must have been to promote anti-Polish feelings.

I checked on all Welshmen, supposedly "massacred" by the Poles in that match. And surprise, surprise, just three days later they were all fit for duty with their English clubs. And now the other side of the story: nearly all popular papers and other medias, condemned the Polish forward Leslaw Cmikiewicz as a vicious, cunning and despicable brute, who "had Alan Ball and Trevor Hockey sent off".

Having spent four lengthy coach journeys sitting next to, and talking to Cmikiewicz, I can state with authority that he is in fact a most amiable, friendly, quiet and highly intelligent boy. Furthermore, although the vast majority of English journalists had described Cmikiewicz as "a calculating provocateur", in the Wembley match not a single foul was given against him during the whole of 90 minutes!

Worst foul

In this game incidentally, England despite being clearly favoured by a most sympathetic referee, were pulled up for 15 fouls, to Poland's 14! Indeed, quite the worst foul of the night was committed by England's centre back McFarland, who nearly tore the shirt off little Lato, when the Polish winger had broken clean through the English defence. So much for that hoary tale about "shirt-pulling foreigners"! But I wonder what would have happened, if say with a minute to go, and the score still standing at 1-1, a Polish defender had stopped an English forward in similar fashion?

Regrettably, there have also occurred various cases, in which statements by the Polish players and officials were either quoted out of context, or their words had been twisted, or as has happened in some instances the "stories" were skilfully "manufactured". At least three Polish players, to whom I have translated their alleged statements, as printed in the paper, denied emphatically having said those specific things. In one London evening paper there even appeared on Monday, before the match, an interview with Poland's team manager Kazimierz Gorski, which he swears he never gave to anybody!

And what can one say about such an "expert" assessment from one of the leading and among the highest paid managers in this country, who in front of millions of television viewers denounced the Polish goalkeeper as a "clown", their centre back as "brainless", and who opined that the Polish team are just a bunch of donkeys who play like donkeys?

Into what animal category does this

n to the Wembley victory and what went on before

PROTEST UBMITTED

Allan Clarke scores for England from the penalty spot.

gentleman now put the England side, who in two meetings with these "donkeys" scored just once, and that only from a disputed penalty? I should add, that several English reporters actually queried the validity of that penalty award, from which Clarke scored.

Incidents

After the game, which clinched Poland's qualification for the World Cup finals, most of these incidents were readily forgotten and even forgiven. The Poles are not people to harbour grudges, though some of them, brought up to believe in the proverbial English "fair play", could not understand why they had received such shabby treatment here. And if anyone starts carping back to their encounters with Wales, then let me quote here from an article by Brian James in the *Sunday Times*:

"The Welsh won in Wales, by subjecting the Polish team's creative players to a barrage of tackles, some of which were fair, most of which were borderline and a few of which were unashamedly intimidatory. What happened in Poland was simply this: the Welsh under-estimated the length of the Polish memories and over-estimated the number of Polish cowards"!

As to the merit of Poland's qualification, let's look at the final group table: In four matches Poland scored six goals—exactly twice as many as England. They beat England and Wales at home, with a total score of 5-0. England could not defeat either Wales or Poland on their own ground. Surely they cannot complain that they failed to qualify!

It is reporters who pose as experts, who annually elevate some 30-40 Englishmen to "world class" status, and who promote the belief that English teams are invincible, who have deceived the public and who are partly responsible for the misguided optimism and arrogance which unhappily has spread even among the England players.

And as for that TV-panel, they must surely rank as the soccer comedy turn of the year. They are composed mainly of managers from Second Division Clubs, who have no current contact with international football, but who nevertheless sit in judgement on teams they had never seen before, and utter ignorant opinions about players whose names they can't pronounce.

But in the final analysis the Anglo-Polish confrontation amounted to this: A bunch of brave part-timers from Poland played the might of England's professionals. They beat them once and drew once. Forget England's near misses, forget the score line of 1-1. Poland left Wembley with their heads high and as moral victors. McFarland's desperate grab at Lato's shirt merely exemplified the bankruptcy of ideas in this England team. And it also humiliated every watching Englishman in the stadium and at home!

ERIC BATTY says give credit where

POLAND ARE GOOD

DURING the run-up to the England-Poland World Cup decider at Wembley, the British sporting public were once again misled. "Clowns", "comedians", "amateurs that will get murdered" . . . and best of all "Musial just can't play".

These were some of the comments directed at Polish players by alleged experts. Nowhere did I find a warning note: no one even hinted that the Poles really could play, and apart from the WORLD SOCCER readers who read (and believed) what I wrote about Deyna, Lato and company in the October edition, the greater part of England must have been shocked when England failed to repeat the assassination of Austria that had been seen a few weeks earlier.

Against England the Poles underlined that at last they have matured and are able to face the best with confidence. In retrospect it is clear that the comments of ITV's alleged panel of experts was absolute rubbish —yet after the match there has been hardly a word of praise for the work of Kazikimierz Korski and his team.

The much-maligned Gorgon produced a performance of 95 per cent reliability at Wembley and though no Beckenbauer — and never pretending to be — he did a fine job. Tomaszewski in goal lived dangerously at times, occasionally tempted out to high crosses that he couldn't reach cleanly but between superb reflex saves from short-range shots, he produced a great deal of courage.

Panicked

Even when he was tempted out and didn't get the ball he and his colleagues still managed to bar the path to their goal. On one occasion Tomaszewski went out and missed and, caught in no-man's land, might well have panicked. Instead he stood his ground facing up to an England shot from the edge of the box which was only five or six yards away from him, and parried the ball with a boot.

When the goalkeeper was found wanting there was always a mass of red Polish shirts positioned on their goal line and several times they blocked shots. Gorgon, Bulzacki and Musial several times were prominent here — but give credit to them for doing the right thing and being in the right place. That is what defenders are there for!

The defender that impressed me most at Wembley was Adam Musial —the man they said just "couldn't play". He was a revelation and certainly one of the Poles' best players. He positioned well, knew when to tackle and jockeyed off superbly when he knew he couldn't win the ball. On top of this he popped up repeatedly with timely interceptions, controlling the ball in the air with once touch and playing good balls out into midfield before coming out into good supporting positions.

Henryk Kasperszcak had a good game in midfield. Always methodical, he plodded away, foraging, challenging, funnelling — and in possession distributing the ball wisely in support of Deyna. The golden boy, and captain in the absence of Lubanski demonstrated his skills, or at least some of them.

Poland goalkeeper Tomaszewski.

Jumping

If he showed that like a good many top stars that he likes *to play* and can, he also showed that he doesn't like the battle. Not that the game ever really got nasty, but there was just enough bite to set Deyna jumping to keep his legs away from snapping feet, and in the 50-50 situations he went in only half-heartedly.

Despite this Deyna still managed to do a first-class job in slowing the game in midfield. Invariably gaining the ball by anticipation and interception rather than winning it in tackles he kept the midfield ticking, ably assisted by Kasperzcak and the hard-working Cmikiewicz.

Deyna's best moments came in the second half when, several times he threatened to break through the flimsy England rearguard, depleted in their anxiety to press forward. This really

ere it is due

was a ready-made situation for the likes of Deyna but he never quite managed to muster enough courage and determination in those critical moments.

Where Poland really had the edge was in attack. Lato, normally the right winger, roved along the line ceaselessly while Gadocha, dropping back a little to make himself easy to find, got a lot of the ball and made many good runs. Domarski, too, joined Lato in his movement off the ball when Gadocha, Deyna or Kasperczak were coming through midfield in possession. They ran with determination but more than that, with intelligence. Given a chance to break, Lato, Domarski and Gadocha all invariably ran into space which gave their attack movement across the line of attack and frequently left England defenders flat marking space.

Pressure

Though England had most of the pressure which was inevitable for both sides deployed on that assumption, it was the Poles who looked most dangerous when they did break out into attack. True, these moments were few compared to England's pressure but all England's high balls into the penalty area produced only a string of half-chances and near-misses. Poland on the other hand got one superb break that involved Gadocha, Lato and finally Domarski . . . to get their goal and another great move left Grzegorz Lato with only Shilton to beat. A little more confidence or maturity here and a chip could have put Poland ahead again. But Lato for all his talents is relatively new to the international arena and still a current Under 23 cap, having taken over this year from Banas.

Thwarted

Yet another clear break that could have brought Poland a well-deserved second goal was only thwarted by McFarland reaching out with both arms to produced a rugby tackle at a moment when the English defence was completely shattered.

Make no mistake, the Poles can really play. They have organisation and courage at the back. Intelligence, skill and the ability to play together in midfield and front runners who are currently amongst the most dangerous in their approach running that can be found anywhere. And they proved at Wembley they have found the necessary courage, patience and confidence to do well at any level. Poland have definitely arrived.

Kazimierz Deyna of Poland.

by NORMAN CUTLER

Who will win in Spain?

FORECASTING the Spanish Championship winner is usually the easiest thing in the world. There's nothing clever about it — you simply leave out Barcelona (they haven't won much for years) and pick one of the remaining big four.

This year, however, it's damned near impossible. There are just no champions. Not even the title holders, Atletico de Madrid, look like champions. There is no country in Europe so devoid of good-class clubs at the moment as Spain. The country is passing through an interim period clubwise. When it failed to qualify for the Mexico World Cup, panic and alarm broke out at all levels.

The Federation sacked its most promising president for years, José Luis Costa, then were persuaded by the clubs, who had been brainwashed in a tremendous press campaign, to admit foreign players. This obvious, erroneous move was supposed immediately to turn the Big Five . . . and the minnows . . . into replicas of the great Real Madrid of the past and run away with every title in sight.

One man can't make a team, so the shortsighted idea was doomed to crash before it left the ground. Thirty million pesetas were spent on foreign players, most of them mediocre, and all we got was more sickening brainwashing.

Lots of ballyhoo . . . thirty million pesetas for running around doing nothing or sitting in the sunshine, sunbathing and becoming acclimatised to Spanish *football*. Ipswich — Nice — Galatasaray didn't need to get used to Spanish football! In the first round first leg of the European competition, forwards of the qualified clubs scored only one goal.

It all added up to only Athletic de Bilbao and Atletico de Madrid being classified. Real Madrid were never expected to beat Ipswich — with Amancio, Netzer, Santillana, Velazquez and later Pirri on the touchline injured. In any case they had plenty of determination but that was little use to overcome the collective lesson on superb fitness and ordered defensive football Ipswich showed.

The rest of the teams played the second leg simply because they were officially committed.

So that was Spain's contribution. UTTER DISASTER!

If we must pick a champion side this season — and I'm not very confident and wouldn't bet on it — it must be on early form, and Spanish form is treacherous . . . and that means Atletico de Madrid and Valencia (if they say the course).

In October I gave the first full list of Spanish Foreign Importations, and I regretfully omitted to reveal the cost of the players.

Fifty-nine players—with two or three exceptions — mediocres, cost 300 million pesetas (over £2,000,000), half of which was paid by Barcelona, Real Madrid, Valencia and Atletico Madrid.

ZARAGOZA	Arrua	4,000,000 pesetas
	Blanco	2,000,000 "
AT. de MADRID	Ayala	18,000,000 "
	Heredia	18,000,000 " (first bought by Barcelona)
LAS PALMAS	Carne-Valli	8,000,000 pesetas
	Verde	1,500,000 "
SANTANDER	Zubiria	1,500,000 "
	Martinez	2,000,000 "
OVIEDO	Djoric	2,000,000 "
GIJON	Landucci	2,500,000 "
	Doria	2,000,000 "
CASTELLON	Dumat	1,500,000 "
GRANADA	Etchecopar	3,500,000 "
	Montero Castillo	4,000,000 "
BARCELONA	Sotil	12,000,000 " (plus Ayala and Heredia at 18,000,000 pesetas
	Cruyff	100,000,000 "
ELCHE	Hiller	2,500,000 "
	Heredia	6,000,000 "
REAL MADRID	Netzer	30,000,000 "
	Mas	12,000,000 "
MURCIA	Taverna	2,000,000 "
	Verza	1,500,000 "
CELTA	Aparicio	1,000,000 "
	Aguerre	1,000,000 "
VALENCIA	Keita	10,000,000 "
	Jara	12,000,000 "
ESPANOL	Cino	2,500,000 "
	Aguino	1,500,000 "
MALAGA	Guerini	10,000,000 "
SECOND DIVISION		
CORDOBA	Dominichi	2,000,000 "
	Onega	4,000,000 "
CADIZ	Valiente	400,000 "
	Carvallo	500,000 "
SAN ANDRES	Roth	800,000 "
	Longha	800,000 " (ceded to Español)
VALLADOLID	Amarillo	600,000 pesetas
	Gonealves	650,000 "
MALLORCA	Bran	400,000 "
	Urquia	350,000 "
BURGOS	Rodriguez	400,000 "
	Dos Santos	500,000 "
TARRAGONA	Baptist	550,000 "
LEVANTE	Caszelly	8,000,000 "
SALAMANCA	Galle-Guillos	650,000 "
SABADELL	Dejordevic	850,000 "
ORENSE	Fonseca	600,000 "
	Pasterna	300,000 "
LINARES	Abruzzese	300,000 "
BETIS	Olmedo	1,500,000 "
	Mameli	3,000,000 "
CORUNA	Muñoz	700,000 "

UDO LATTEK team manager of Bayern Munich in an interview with Gregory Tesser

PLAYERS MUST BE ABLE TO IMPROVISE

QUESTION: Bayern have a very particular style based on both precision and elegance. What influence did your predecessors, the Yugoslavs Tchaikowski and Zebec have on you?

ANSWER: My predecessors did an extremely good job, but they were helped a great deal by the influence on the field of Beckenbauer.

Why has West German football in general been transformed?

The tranformation certainly did not occur, as many people seem to think overnight, but has been a gradual process. However, not all our First Division clubs have progressed as fast as clubs in Holland, for example. And there are still quite a few who have mastered the art of defensive football, but are still lacking in attacking ideas.

But returning to the question. I feel that since 1964 we have learned to appreciate the art of experimentation. In 1965, and during the 1966 World Cup Finals, we began to realise that the kind of defensive game, whic for some years had been stifling football, was on the way out.

So, we decided to adopt a policy based purely on attack. Our new tactics meant that we had to not only employ orthodox wingers, but also old-fashioned goal-poachers. This new format, plus our belief that every player on the park, excluding the goalkeeper, should possesss true ball-playing skills, have I think been the main reasons.

Don't Bayern sometimes go too far in their desire to please the crowds?

It is in fact something which I fear a great deal from the recent evolution of our football. Sometimes we lose our natural qualities of aggression and strength because often our players, knowing their superiority over their opponents, take the game far too easily.

Bayern have the problem of having to play a great deal of matches in order to do well financially. Has this situation complicated your job as coach?

It is true that these financial considerations have posed some problems as far as training is concerned. But this problem was, I think, partially solved when I started an intensive training course, lasting two weeks, at the beginning of each season.

In general do the German footballers train harder than those of other countries?

I don't really know. But what I do know is that German footballers are always able to give 100% during a match.

It can't be very easy to coach a squad containing so many strong personalities . . .

My task is not as difficult as one would think it to be because players like Beckenbauer, Muller and Maier are stars, but also excellent examples to the rest of the team.

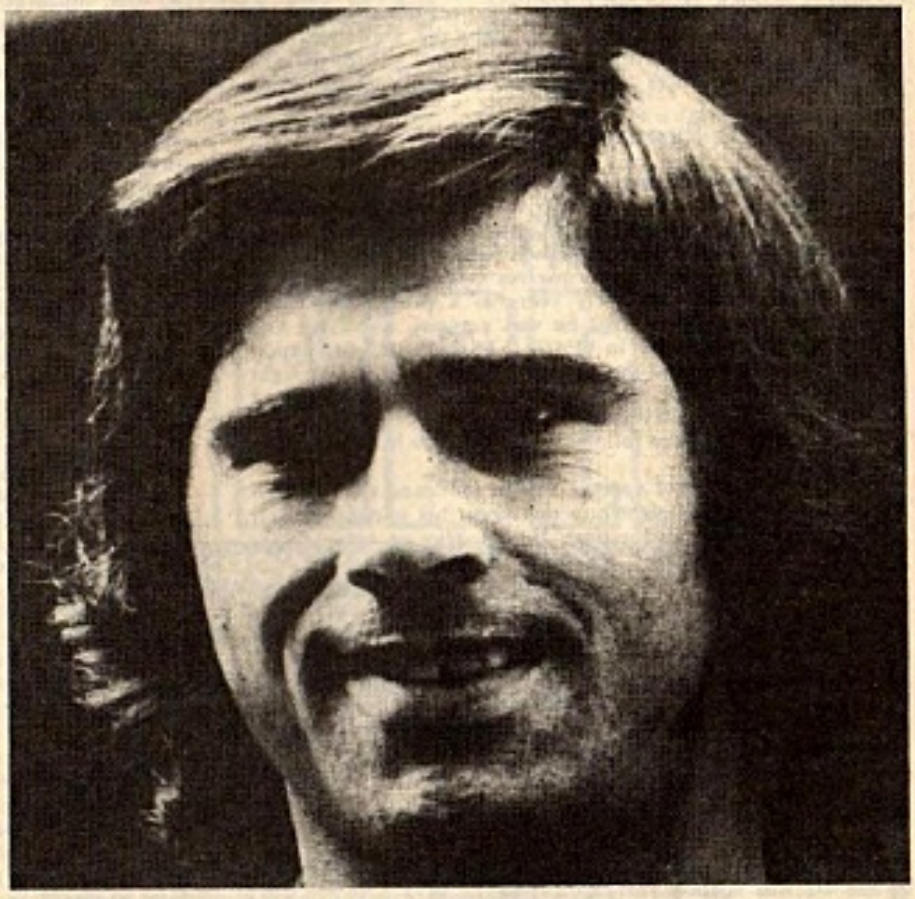
Why have West Germany become one of the best international sides in Europe?

Because we possess a great number of players who complement each other and also, like England, our First Division is a very difficult league, and the players are always obliged to improve their game in order to keep up with the standard.

Prior to being one of West Germany's most respected coaches, you were a top-class footballer in your own right. Which position did you play in?

I started my career as a centre-forward and I finished it at Osnabruck as a defender. Perhaps it is the reason why my conceptions of the game are reasonable and well balanced.

I don't see why any players should specialise in a certain role, defenders should know how to attack and vice-versa. This is my policy at Bayern and I stick to it!



Gerd Muller of Bayern Munich.

News from France by ANDRE DUCLOS

KOVACS REVIVES AILING TEAM

STEFAN KOVACS really does seem to be doing it, does seem to have revived our ailing international team. The victory against Greece in Paris was encouraging but not truly significant; I don't think anybody would have been surprised had France been trounced in October at Gelsenkirchen. But they weren't; the 2-1 win for West Germany was the fruit of a couple of pieces of typical opportunism by Gert Müller, and the derisive whistling of the German crowd showed what *they* thought of the victory. Neutral critics said that had the French finishing been up to the standard of the midfield play, had the Nice strikers Molitor and Loubet only been able to put it away, then things might have been very different.

As it was we had to rely on our only goal on a dazzling individual effort by the coloured sweeper Marius Tresor, out-Beckenbauering even Franz Beckenbauer when, eight minutes from the end, he raced upfield to score. Another coloured player who did extremely well was Adams.

What with Nantes dropping feebly out of the European Cup by losing at home to Vejle of Denmark, we needed some consolation; and here very emphatically it was. It was interesting to note that apart from coloured players, we had no fewer than four of Italian descent on the field; Repellini, Grava, Baratelli (in goal) and, of course little Serge Chiesa. Grava, the Nice full-back, was in fact born in Italy at Udine.

Dario Grava came to France—or more precisely to Alsace—when he was four years old, so under present dispositions in Italy he could no doubt have returned to play there, had he not decided to accept French international honours (though to be honest, it is scarcely for full-backs that the Italian club crave). His career has had some curious twists and turns. He was originally an inside-right, a midfield player, good enough to be picked for the French junior team which played so well in the 1967 European Youth Tournament of 1967. Georges Boulogne, the ex-French national team manager, made him into a sweeper. Curiously enough, the man who was preferred to Grave as a midfield player was . . . Jouve, now a colleague in both the Nice and the French national team.

Evening match

There was another, major change to come, however. On the occasion of a friendly evening match between Strasbourg veterans and Bayern Munich, the Alsatian team found themselves without a left-back. Grava was pressed into service, and did so well that Strasbourg themselves signed him; as a back.

Grava admits that his early years as a professional were difficult and inconsistent, that he was nervous, impulsive and played too hard: "I went in blindly." Paul Frantz, the expert Strasbourg manager, was the man who calmed him and brought him along. Strasbourg fell away, slumped into the Second Division, but Grava played 13 times for the French Under 23 team. A transfer to Nice followed; as it did for his team-mates Huck and Molitor.

There, he came under another benign influence, that of Jean Snella who, he says, taught him to respect his opponents, and to keep in the game all the time. He can play on either flank, but still considers himself a left-back, in essence. Nice is a very different milieu from Strasbourg, and it was natural that the 25-year-old Grava should have his problems of adaptation; natural if ironical, as after all it was once Italian territory. But now he's an international.

Our Championship this season is fuller than ever of imported foreign players, which makes it all the more satisfying that our national team ha so sgreatly improved. Troyes, who have come up into the First Division under Pierre Flamion (suspended for some weeks from sitting on the trainer's bench, by the way) look as if they will stay up; thanks in no small measure to Trebeq. Despite his French name, this is an Argentinia, a forward of high skill and tremendous opportunism. He scored three magnificent goals in the 4-1 win against Paris FC. It might have been six, for Trebucq twice hit the woodwork of the goal and once missed an easier chance than any that he took. He still has a tendency to fade in the last 29 minutes, but if he can do as much as this in the first 70, does it matter?

A dramatically different case is that of Romain Arghirudis; a Frenchman with a Greek name, who last season was playing successfully for Olympiakos of Piraeus in the Greek League. After one season, in which this freely scoring forward said he felt ill at ease because of the heat, he has returned to France; much regretted by the Olympiakos fans. His scoring power is much missed.

Recently he got three goals for Lens against the Corsicans, Bastia; a match won by 3-1 by Lens, and watched by a crowd of no fewer than 25,000. Now critics are asking why Arghirudis has not yet found favour with Kovacs. After the West German experience the question has become more pertinent than ever, for the attack, as I have said, is not taking the chances set up for it from midfield. To be picked for France is, this 27-year-old player says, his deepest ambition. He has the bravery, the physical commitment, that the modern attacker badly needs.

Meanwhile, what of Nantes, last season's French Champions, so feebly fallen by the wayside in the European Cup? They and their manager, José Arribas, have been much criticised. Not only did people think that he put out a much-mistaken team, sentimentally fielding an out-of-form Blanchet in the attack, and leaving out till the latter stages the much more effective Rampillon. Of course, there was the excuse that the team was still without its two key Argentinian players, the injured Marcos in attack, and Barga, busy helping Argentina qualify for the World Cup, in defence. But there are those who say it goes deeper than that, that when Nantes had won the Championship and knew they were "going into Europe", they should have taken their courage in both hands and bought new men. Now it's too late.

Meanwhile, the effect of Stefan Kovacs on our football could well be profound. He never ceases to insist that the answer is to be found at club level. He wants training to concentrate on different aspects of the game, heading and the rest, rather than to be an untidy mixture. One must, he says, be in touch with everything what is happening in the world, in football, and he intends to carry his messages to the clubs. The relative success he has so far had with the international team should help him to put his ideas across. Certainly he himself would never have made Nantes' mistakes in over-training their tired players on hard grounds before the season started; and thus precipitating the crop of injuries which has done as much as anything to undermine the Champions' progress this season.

HAITI HAVE A CHANCE

COLIN JOSE talks to JAVIER DE LA TORRE team manager of Mexico

IN past World Cups, Mexico, as the strongest soccer playing nation in the CONCACAF region, has had little trouble qualifying for the final rounds, and of course in 1970 they qualified automatically as the host nation.

But this time around it may well be different as the general standard of play throughout the region has risen considerably since the qualifying competition for the 1966 World Cup. Already the Mexicans have had their problems in eliminating the United States and Canada and now they are faced with a difficult final round against the winners of the other five CONCACAF groups — Honduras, Trinidad, the Netherlands Antilles, Guatemala and Haiti, the nation who will host the final round.

When he was in Toronto recently for a CONCACAF Medical Symposium, I asked Mexico's national team coach Javier De La Torre who he felt would provide his team with the stiffest opposition. "I think Haiti," he said. "They are a very good team and will be very strong playing at home. However, Guatemala are the better nation technically."

Wingers

Recently Mexico lost two games to Poland 1-0 in Los Angeles and 2-1 in Monterrey. "The Poles are very good," he told me. "They have two very good wingers, Gorgon is an excellent centre back and, of course, Deyna is one of the finest midfield players. These are the players who stood out against us."

Was he surprised that Poland had eliminated England? "I thought Poland were good enough to qualify, but the deciding game was in England and because of this I thought it would be very difficult for them."

Over the years Mexico have never done well playing in Europe. Did he think that there was any particular reason for this?

"I don't think there is any one particular reason," he replied. "But the change of countries, climate, the style of play and the strength of the teams are all factors. Also we need to play in Europe more frequently to get used to these things."

If Mexico do qualify for the finals in West Germany which of the teams who have already qualified would Mexico find the most difficult to play against? "Italy" he said without hesitation and when I queried this he said: "The European style is different from the South American." Wouldn't the Italian style come closer to the South American than any other European nation other than perhaps Spain? "No," Italy will be the most difficult for us."

How did he rate Canada and the United States these days? "We played the United States in Puebla just recently and I would have to say that they were stronger this year than when we beat them in the World Cup. They have a lot of good players now. It is harder to comment on Canada because we have not played them for over one year, but in the World Cup they gave us two very difficult games."

Who are the young players he looks for to do well for Mexico in the future? "I would have to say Bermudez, who is a defender, Chavarin a striker and Borbolla who plays on the wing."

Javier De La Torre, who played all of his senior soccer with Guadalajara and then became coach of the club before taking over the national team, would like to play four or five games in Europe with possibly one game in Canada before going to West Germany if they qualify, but first of course there is the task confronting them in Haiti.

At present Mexico have 22 players in their national team pool. **Goalkeepers:** Calderon (Guadalajarra), Brambila (Atlas), Puente (Atlante); **Defenders:** Bermudez (Universidad de Mexico), Vazquez Ayala (Universidad de Mexico), Guzman (Cruz Azul), Hernandez (America), Pena (Monterrey), Sanchez Galindo (Cruz Azul), Trujillo (America); **Midfield:** Alvarez (Atletico Espanol), Delgado (Atlas), La Puente (Puebla), Pulido (Cruz Azul), Victorino (Jalisco); **Forwards:** Bustos (Cruz Azul), Borja (America), Mucino (Guadalajara), Chavarin (Atlas), Borbolla (America), Horacio (Cruz Azul), Cuellar (Universidad de Mexico).

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Eric Thornton spotlights the Luton Town manager

Haslam's ace in the pack

HARRY HASLAM, the quiet unknown, is gradually becoming soccer's well-known in a game which produces far too few outstanding personalities, but a veritable welter of nondescripts.

Haslam? No identification is needed nowadays around the Home Counties, but to the far north of Watford it's still largely a name that doesn't ring a bell, though I'm thinking all that may be changed before the end of this season.

Yes, the spotlight could soon be picking out this 51-year-old who has experienced most of the ups and downs of the sporting life since Grandad talked about the loneliness of the long-distance runner, and is today aiming at one of the major prizes. None other than the Second Division Championship.

Agreed, there's a hazardous trail ahead before his Luton boys will know the best—or the worst—but if a happy dressing-room is an ace in the pack, the Bedfordshire outfit should be back in the top circle once more next August.

That's my opinion. But "doctor" Harry, the man who has injected fresh air into an ailing game, is not shouting the odds from the rooftops. You can bet on that. It's simply not the style of a professional who looks back with pride on an apprenticeship which no one—yes no one—could improve upon before taking the lift to the higher echelons.

Academy

It was this way. When Mother killed an early desire to become a wrestler like Dad, or a member of Salford Harriers like Grandad, he jumped at a chance of joining Manchester United's youngsters' academy. And in a brace of shakes was playing left-back in the junior line-up against a raw kid winger from Preston by the name of Tom Finney.

Progressing along a difficult route while reaching up to manhood, he played in turn, and in differing grades, for Brighton, Oldham, Leyton and Gillingham, then non-league for Hastings before earning the money the hard way as successively boss of Barry and Tonbridge.

He remembers washing the team shirts at Barry, and, more pleasantly, of course, discovering a goal-grabbed and money-spinner in Kent soccer — hot-shot Malcolm MacDonald, whose transfer to Newcastle almost three years ago boosted Luton's bank account by £175,000. Which isn't exactly peanuts by any yardstick.

Further outstanding memories of earlier years are linked to a period of chief scouting for Fulham before moving up the M1, and doing a similar job at Kenilworth Road, prior to succeeding Alec Stock in the hot seat nearly 18 months ago.

He knew the target immediately on taking charge. Everybody wanted the old club back in the First Division. Five years of playing against top opposition had created tremendous appetites for nothing but the best.

There was plenty of room for improvement. The team had finished in the bottom half of the Second Division and been removed from the Wembley trail at the first hurdle the previous winter.

His first triumph came in showing a new cup line-up which not only frightened the life out of Newcastle, on their own St. James's pitch, but also ended a Bolton unbeaten run of 20 games before going down to Sunderland in the quarter-finals last March. And, remember, the Roker men were the eventual winners.

Now, in this present campaign, Harry's squad is moving well, and continually proving a long-held belief in strong, old-fashioned attack with first-class wingers capable of using and holding the ball whenever necessary. To wit: Johnny Aston and Jimmy Ryan.

Both took one-way tickets from Old Trafford. Both were schooled in the Busby tradition of pure football. And you won't need telling that it was Aston, son of a former England defender, who stole the honours in Manchester United's winning European Cup Final at the expense of Benfica.

To such degree that the Spaniards' manager, looking back in sorrow and anger afterwards, said: "I had laid plans for coping with Best, Charlton and all the other United stars, but nobody ever thought to warn me about this boy Aston, the best of the bunch."

Harry boasts that he manages a football team, not a kicking team. Yet all the same he recognises that opponents may not always share the same ideas. So whenever a Luton player is injured because of not wearing protective pads, there's a club fine—and it matters not whether he's a senior or an apprentice.

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West German news . . . . . from Arthur Rotmil

SCHÖN HAS TO SHAPE HIS SQUAD

THE shape of the German national team, who as hosts are strong favourites in next year's eagerly awaited World Cup finals, is gradually assuming outsize proportions. After two further home internationals, which served as preparation, manager Helmut Schön is still no nearer discovering what his general squad will be, let alone finding a settled team. His avowed intention to field at long last the same side which so convincingly won the European Championship last year, was once again dashed by a variety of reasons.

Injuries, lack of form, or just problems of fitting in players into positions like in a jigsaw puzzle, have conspired to deprive Schön of putting out his best eleven in both October matches. These were played within three days in fact. At Hannover the Germans defeated Austria by 4-0, whilst in Gelsenkirchen they had to be content with just a 2-1 win over France. These games also served as important tests for the organisers of the world finals, being staged on venues set aside for group matches. The Niedersachsen-Stadion in Hannover was recently rebuilt and modernised, while the Park-Stadion in Gelsenkirchen—now the home of the famous Schalke club—is brand new.

It was generally hoped to include, at least in the first encounter v. Austria, the great Günter Netzer who released by his Real Madrid bosses for this midweek fixture. Alsa, Netzer cried off with injury and this meant that he has missed all eight internationals West Germany had played until mid-October of this year! The last time the full European champion side played together was November 15, of last year, when they beat Switzerland by 5-1.

Last minute

Schön expected Netzer to be fit in time to tackle the Scots at Hampden Park in mid-November, but time is getting short and if Germany's greatest schemer cannot be used in the national team more frequently, then his place must seriously be put in question. Is it advisable to build a side which may have to be changed and tactically reorganised at the last minute? Or is it wiser to plan for a team without this gifted but too often absent star?

The summary of this season's internationals, which brought three straight wins, present this picture of the current German potential: In goal Wolfgang Kleff (Borussia Monchen-Gladbach) appears to have ousted his rivals, at least momentarily. His predecessor Sepp Maier has not only lost form, but he made himself unpopular through apparently uncalled for caustic comments about the goalkeeping prowess of Kleff! But Schön still insists: "Nobody has as yet claimed a permanent place in goal".

In defence Höttges and Beckenbauer remain as the most dependable pillars, but the circle of candidates has now been widened by the inclusion of Helmut Kremers (Schalke) and the recall, after two years, of that old campaigner Wolfgang Weber. Injuries, first to Kapelmann and then to Paul Breitner have persuaded Schön to try Helmut Kremers. Thus, for the first time in the history of German football, twin brothers have appeared together in the national team, Helmut in defence and Erwin on the left wing!

In addition to those already mentioned, Schwarzenbeck and Cullmann have also been used in the rear guard. In midfield Danner and Köppel, who played against Russia, have been temporarily shelved, whilst Flohe, Overath and Hoeness were on duty v. Austria and France.

Replaced

Another interesting newcomer proved to be Eintracht Frankfurt's midfield player Bernd Holzenbein, who replaced Weber at Hannover. The front three have consisted in those two matches of Gerd Muller flanked by the wingers Grabowski and Erwin Kremers. What a tremendous debt the Germans owe to Muller! The Bayern striker hit two goals apiece against Austria and France, to lift his tally to an incredible 62 goals in 49 internationals!

It could, of course, be argued that neither Austria nor France represent top class opposition, but not many experts would necessarily share that view. The Austrians, fresh from that 7-0 thrashing by England at Wembley, were determined to prove that this was just an exceptionally bad night for them. They had made several changes, the most important being in goal where Rettensteiner replaced the hapless Koncilla.

But there was more purpose and effort about their play, so that the score line of 4-0 must have pleased Helmut Schön who said afterwards: "We did well, even though the opposition was not too strong. But my team was better than the English side whom I watched beat the Austrians by 7-0."

The French, now managed by the former Ajax-chief Stefan Kovacs, are being rebuilt, reorganised and rejuvenated. Kovacs has imposed stricter discipline and was fortunate in finding several highly talented youngsters. In the circumstances the French have surprised the Germans who apparently eased off after the inimitable Müller scored twice including one from the penalty spot.

The 70,000 crowd enjoyed an evenly fought out last half hour, in which France managed to reduce the arrears through their coloured centre back Trésor. To sum up: Two valuable wins for Germany, which augur well for the immediate future.

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SOUTH AMERICAN LEAGUE SCENE by ERIC WEIL

FANS STAY AWAY

ARGENTINA

HURACAN, who had already made sure of winning their first title since professional soccer started in Argentina in 1931, two weeks before the end, duly finished the Metropolitan First Division Championship with a four-point lead.

Partly because they topped the table right from the start and partly because the taking away from their clubs of 33 players for the World Cup team lowered the quality of football player tremendously, the fans lost interest long before the end, and even important matches were played in front of half-empty stands.

Huracan had started off playing good soccer and scoring plenty of goals, but once they lost their main scorers—Brindisi, Avallay, Houseman and Babington—to the national team they just relied on safety-first tactics to pick up points to stay ahead.

They needn't have worried. At the same time the form of all other leading teams, who had also lost players to the national team, also dropped, while Independiente — second at the end of the first round and only two points behind—with fewest national team calls, never could keep up the challenge. They were beset by financial troubles, and their players were not getting paid regularly.

River Plate beat champions Huracan home and away but were erratic, as were second-placed Boca Juniors who even played badly when winning and showed little of their usual fighting spirit.

At press time the national championship is in progress, but only three games have been played. The 17 Metropolitan First Division teams — including relegated All Boys (who had only come up this season) and FC Oeste — plus 13 teams which qualified in the various provinces are divided into two sections of 15. The top two of each section go into a four-team title play-off.

URUGUAY

The last of the South American league championships to start had not reached the half-way stage at press time, and champions Nacional had made a poor start. In their first league meeting of the season, classical rivals Peñarol and Nacional drew 1-1.

This was the first point Peñarol had lost (in eight games), and they topped the table with 15 points, followed by Rentista and Liverpool (12), Danubio (11), Nacional (10), Cerro, Wanderers (9), River Plate and Central Español (8), Defensor (7), Huracan Buceo (4), Bella Vista (2).

BRAZIL

National Championship (after 10 games: 1, Palmeirns (S. Paulo), Botafogo (Rio) 16; 3, Atletico Mineiro, Coritiba, Cruzeiro (B. Horizante), Gremio 1 (P. Alegre) 15; 7, Fluminense (Rio), Corinthians (S. Paulo) 13; 9, Tirandentes, Santa Cruz, Nacional 12; 12, America (Rio Negro), Sao Paulo, Goias, Guarani, Fortaleza, Santos, Vasco da Gama (Rio) 11; 19, Portuguesa, Rio Nego, Bahia, America (Minas Gerais), Remo, Flamengo (Rio) 10; 25, Desportiva, Ceara 9; 27, CEUB, Commercial, Nautico, Internacional (P. Alegre), America (M. Gerais), Vitoria, Figueirense 8; 34, Atletico Paranense 7; 35, Brasil 6; 36, Sport Recife 5; 37, Paissandu, Moto Clube 4; 39, Olaria (Rio) 3; 40, Sergipe 2.

PERU

1, Sporting Cristal 36; 2, Universitario 3; 3, Atletico Chalaco, Melgar 33; 5, Municipal, Defensor 31; 7, Huracan, Alianza Lima 29; 9, Cienciano 26; 10, Sport Boys, Juan Aurich, Tuman 24; 13, Atletico Grau 23; 14, SIMA 21; 15, Leon 20; 16, Colegio Nacional Iquitos, Torino 19; 18, Jun Galves 14.

COLOMBIA

Closing Championship: 1, Nacional 23 points; 2, Millionarios de Bogotá 20; 3, Deportivo Cali 18; 4, Independiente Santa Fe, Dep. Quindio 16; 6, Junior, Dep. Pereira 14; 8, Tolima 13; 9, America de Cali 11; 10, Bucamaranga 10; 11, Union Magdalena, Cristal Caldas 8.

ECUADOR

Championship — first phase (final placings): 1, Barcelona de Guayaquil; 2, Universidad Catolica de Quito.

BOLIVIA

Cochabamba Championship: 1, Jorge Wilsterman (champion).

Para

prot

THE Paraguayan FA cabled FIFA after the last South American Group 2 match (Argentina 3, Paraguay 1) to claim the points against Argentina, alleging that the latter had violated the "rules of fair play" and also demanding that the referee who had been in charge — Rafael Hormazabal of Chile — be dropped from the FIFA list of international referees. Hormazabel had awarded Argentina a first-half penalty from which they equalised and which Paraguayan players had hotly protested for five minutes and later he sent off two Paraguayan players for dangerous fouls.

Paraguayan newspapers called it "The Robbery of the Century", but if anybody was robbed it was the fans who had paid an Argentine record gate at the Boca Juniors stadium of 138,586,000 pesos which, plus 50 million pesos for TV rights, is about £55,500. And if anybody violated the rules of fair play it was the majority of players of both sides.

This was the vital last match in Buenos Aires which both countries had reached with five points from their previous three games and the same goal average so it was a case of whoever won went to Munich.

Eyebrow

Paraguay's claim of the points didn't prosper of course, so Argentina qualified for the finals by beating Paraguay and Bolivia. In former times this would hardly have raised an eyebrow because who, after all, are Paraguay and Bolivia in the soccer world.

This time it was different. Argentina had failed to qualify for the last World Cup finals in Mexico and there were some doubts this time in view of the way the Argentine team was being prepared.

National team coach Omar Sivori was heavily criticised from all sides, and it doesn't mean that now they have qualified, everything in the garden is lovely.

Against Paraguay, Argentina showed little or nothing, except that they can hack down opponents as well as Paraguay. As there wasn't much football to watch — one Buenos Aires newspaper calculated 55 minutes of actual play, but I don't know what they consider to be play — I spent the afternoon counting how often the ball and how often a player was kicked.

guay register

est with FIFA

The final kicking score gave the ball only a very narrow victory — but there was some cheating. When the ball was kicked out of the field — which happened quite often — the match (I mean the kicking) continued on-field while the ball was out of play.

There were 16 fouls in the first 20 minutes — eight for each side — and a few more which the referee didn't see. This type of game didn't suit the better ball-playing Argentines, but they joined in wholeheartedly.

What suited Argentina even less were the nerves of some of their players and when after 22 minutes an Argentine forward passed back badly, Escobar chased after the ball and shot past the advancing goalkeeper to put Paraguay one up. Only then did Argentina show some of the fighting spirit which their opponents had shown from the start. Argentina attacked nervously, but I didn't see them do one combined move in Paraguay's half. They hit the crossbar after 25 minutes, but their high shots into the area were generally fruitless.

Argentina's attack lacked a leader, and defender Wolff was their most dangerous "forward". It didn't look as if they would be able to turn their pressure into goals until Wolff was brought down in the penalty area and Ayala scored from the spot.

Things improved for Argentina when Balbuena came on for Babington for the second half and Paraguayan goalkeeper Almeida had to make some good saves. When a player was finally sent off — Paraguay's Molina after eight minutes — it seemed to serve one purpose.

More work

There was a bit more football after that, and Ayala put Argentina ahead four minutes later. Paraguay's goalie continued to have more work, but Guerini didn't make it safe for Argentina with the third goal until five minutes from the end. But it wasn't over yet. There were a couple more incidents during which players almost came to blows. Arrua was sent off and Paraguay finished with nine men.

Argentina fielded virtually the same line-up in three matches (Carnevali, Wolff, Sa, Bargas, Correa, Brindisi, Telch, Babington, Balbuena, Ayala, Guerini, Chazarreta) but made seven changes for the match in Bolivia, including players who had been doing special altitude training for over a month. That they won 1-0 in a poor and also dirty game saved coach Sivori's bacon. The idea of having a second national team preparing for this match was one of the things heavily criticised. But better Argentine teams have been beaten in La Paz—not by Bolivia, whose football has never been great, but by the altitude or its physiological effect.

What now? Of the Argentine team named above a number of players already had their bags packed (when beating Paraguay) to join foreign clubs to which they had been transferred previously — Ayala (the leading scorer), Guerini, Carnevali — and others may follow soon (Bargas was already playing with a French club previously).

Although their contracts may carry a clause by which the players must be made available for Argentina's national team when required, this is no way of preparing a squad for the World Cup.

Following a not unusual course of events, by next year Argentina may have a new team, perhaps under a new coach, to prepare for Munich, and things will be back to square one.

HAVELANGE TALKS OF ELECTION

IN BRAZIL: Joao Havelange, commenting on the forthcoming FIFA presidential elections in which he will face Sir Stanley Rous, said that he admired Rous greatly and that it would be a hard election. He said that he did not really want to stand against Sir Stanley but had been pushed into it by the South American Federations. (In Buenos Aires meanwhile an Argentine FA official said that Argentina would just as well vote for Rous but will have to go along with the South American bloc).

Havelange added that if he is elected president of FIFA he would: (a) increase the World Cup finalists from 16 to 20 or even 24; (b) organise a junior World Cup every two years for players under 20 years of age; (3) try to take the World Cup finals to countries in Africa and Asia instead of only Europe and South America.

Two excellent former Argentine international goalkeepers, Andrada and Cejas, currently playing for Brazilian clubs Vasco da Gama and Santos respectively have become naturalised Brazilians with the only idea—it is presumed—to get into Brazil's national team. But although goal has long been Brazil's weak spot, Joao Havelange, the Brazilian Sports Confederation president, hinted that only players of Brazilian birth would be considered for the national team. On the other hand, there is also a FIFA resolution in force which bans players playing for a country if they have played for another country previously.

To increase the number of goals scored, Antonio do Passo, head of the football department of the Brazilian Sports Confederation, suggested an extra point should be awarded to teams scoring three or more goals in a match. Even the press was asked for an opinion, and in the end the Confederation turned down the idea.

As from October, Pele no longer earns wages from his club, Santos. He has arranged that his monthly wage from the club—30,000 cruzeiros (about £2,000)—will be handed over to charities in Santos. The famous soccer star, who is expected to retire next year, has become one of the most coveted advertising models, and it is estimated that his monthly earnings from this activity alone are in the region of £6,700.

CRUYFF GAINS HIS RELEASE

JOHN SPARROW reports from Holland

ALL men are equal but some are more equal than others—including footballers. Dutch football has never produced anything to equal Johan Cruyff on the field. The question was, should the genius who turned in his No. 14 Ajax shirt to sign for Barcelona, be given special treatment by the Dutch football authority?

Cruyff signed for Barcelona earlier this season after the closure of the first transfer period. By the book this meant he would have to wait until December 1, the beginning of the second period, before he could play in competition for his new club.

Of course he applied to get the rules bent a fraction—but the Koninklijke Nederlandse Voetbalbond decided to stick by the book.

Rhythm

Then Cruyff had a second try. Quite bluntly he told the KNVB he needed to play before December 1 . . . if they wanted an on-form Johan in the vital World Cup qualifier with Belgium on November 18! Or to use his words: "I miss match rhythm. If it goes on like this they can't expect a fantastic game from me on November 18. They will have to make a choice."

A note of blackmail? Absolutely not, said Johan. According to him he had the national team interest at heart. He would play better against Belgium after a little Spanish league play.

A good point. If the KNVB insisted he could only play in friendlies, his pre-Belgium programme would consist of three games; one against Arsenal, one against a Spanish second division side, and an appearance in the European selection that met a South American side in Barcelona.

Golden boy

The KNVB bit finger nails and eventually ruled in his favour. Everybody was happy. And why not? What purpose did it serve to prevent Cruyff playing for Barcelona before December 1? As far as the Dutch were concerned, none. All it did was irritate Cruyff and Barcelona and give Dutch bondscoach Frantisek Fadrhonc ulcers wondering if his golden boy was going to be in a good mood — let alone match fit — for Belgium.

A few weeks previously a KNVB spokesman had been singing a different tune. A decision in favour of Cruyff, he declared, would set a dangerous precedent in Dutch football. Now a similar decision was in the general interest of the Dutch game.

But ponder on what the KNVB would have been accused of if they had decided against Cruyff playing league matches sooner than the rules allowed. No doubt too much red tape and blind inflexibility.

From an old Ajax striker to a new one—the 24-year-old West German, Arno Steffenhagen. Ajax are said to have paid somewhere around 600,000 guilders (£95,000 plus) to his former club, Hertha BSC of Berlin.

Ther German comes with a none too healthy history. He last played in the *Bundesliga* in 1970/71, being banned because of alleged involvement in a bribary scandal.

Arrival

He moved to Cape Town until the ban was over, then returned to Germany where Bayern Munich showed interest. By all accounts that interest dwindled when Hertha let it be known how much they were asking. And, one official is quoted here: "We made him so expensive on purpose because we didn't want Arno playing against us in the Bundesliga. For Ajax we let the price drop a lot."

George Knobel, the Ajax trainer, has described Steffenhagen as "one of the best centre-forwards for sale in Europe." He has a shot with either foot and scored 26 goals in his last Bundesliga season.

His arrival did not pass unnoticed in the column of Feyenoord's Willem van Hanegem in the evening newspaper, Het Parool. The ever entertaining Kromme (literally the Bent One, a description of his posture) was surprised. No one had ever heard of this German. He had offered himself to Feyenoord but the price was too high.

Knee injury

The Bent One went on to make a rather salient point. The buying of Steffenhagen could not have gone down too well with Jan Mulder. The ex-Anderlecht striker has sweated blood to recover from a serious knee injury, and now, as he settles into the game once more, Ajax buy a new man. Said Willem: "You begin to wonder if Ajax have much trust in Mulder."

A team with no need of extra shooting power is PSV Eindhoven. A fortune was spent buying the flying van de Kerkhof brothers from FC Twente, striker Ralf Edstrom and defender Deykers. But the interest is pouring back.

Examine their progress in the month of October. First a 5-0 humiliation of FC Utrecht (no slouches themselves this term), a 10-0 orgy with Go Ahead Eagles, 1-1 away to Ajax, and a 4-2 home win over Maastricht.

I watched the away game with Ajax—a game Ajax drew via a penalty. The holes PSV tore in the Amsterdam defence must have made trainer Knobel wince a time or two.

Interesting

The top scorers' list prior to the game was interesting. All from PSV were, top, Willy van der Kuylen with 10 goals from nine games; third, winger René van de Kerkhof with seven; fourth mid-fielder Lubse and fifth striker Ralf Edstrom.

And with 11 games gone PSV had a goal average of 37 goals for and 12 against. Ajax were on 32 to 11, although they led the league, three points better than fourth place PSV.

Hoffman of Ajax.

Gates drop after defeat

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

WORLD CUP defeat in Glasgow has had a nasty effect on public interest in Czechoslovakia, with attendances everywhere dropping off. Since that game, the best gate was at Kosice where Lokomotive pulled in 15,000 for the visit of Teplice and won an entertaining game 4-2.

Spartak Trnava also equalled that with 15,000 for the visit of Zarja Voroshilovgrad in the European Cup but several matches have been watched by crowds of less than 2,000.

Spartak Trnava the outstanding team of recent years are struggling largely through injuries to experienced players and the need to bring in youngsters. Still without Masrna, their most promising striker, they have only three wins from the first ten matches.

Recovered

Slavia beat them 2-0 in Prague and Plzen recovered to win 3-1 after left winger Kabat had scored in the first minute and unusually, only 4,000 saw Trnava beat lowly neighbours Zilina 3-0, a game in which Adamec scored twice.

Dukla, under the guidance of Josef Masopust, remain in command at the top though they were beaten 1-0 at home to VSS Kosice. After that Dukla went to Teplice and won 2-1 after Bicovsky had given the home side an early lead.

Then at home to Brno, Dukla won 2-0 with goals from Ludek Macela and Vaclav Samek. Masopust has promoted several of the young reserves he worked with last season under Vejvoda including Macela, right winger Oldrich Rott and Petr Slany.

With established players like Ivo Viktor, Samek and Miroslav Gajdusek they have blended well into a formidable, confident side but they are still rejected by Prague fans who favour the old-established clubs Slavia, Sparta and even newly promoted Bohemians.

While Dukla have played their last two games (as league leaders) at home before crowds of under 3,000, Bohemians pulled in 9,000 for the visit of Plzen. Ex-Dukla forward Frantisek Knebort got the winner (3-2) in this match—in the last minute.

ZWICKAU LOSE TO MAGDEBURG

EAST GERMANY

SACHSENRING ZWICKAU suffered their first defeat of the East German league campaign away to 1st FC Magdeburg for whom international forward Jurgen Sparwasser was the chief trouble-maker, scoring an early goal and having a hand in two late efforts by 18-year-old Hoffman that gave Magdeburg a 4-1 win.

Later, Magdeburg struggled to beat newly promoted Energie Cottbus 1-0 but then moved up to share top place with FC Carl Zeiss Jena after winning 2-1 away to Lokomotive Leipzig.

Lokomotive were without their internationals Henning Frenzel and Wolfram Lowe though Altmann gave them an early lead. Sparwasser soon equalised and Hoffmann again got the winner.

Earlier Lokomotive had looked good with three straight wins—4-3 v Dynamo Berlin, 7-0 v Energie Cottbus (away) and 2-0 in top of the table clash with Jena. Hans-Bert Matoul scored five including the first four at Cottbus and got the second, clinching goal against Vogel & Co. to boost his league tally to 11 with Peter Ducke (Zeiss) second on six goals.

Dynamo Dresden continue to miss Kreische but their young reserves have behaved nobly. To replace him Dynamo moved defender Frank Ganzera into midfield and he has played magnificently. 25,000 saw them beat Rot Weiss Erfurt 1-0—Dorner scoring from a penalty while a second spot kick was missed by Rauh.

Juventus disputed the eligibility of the last named in the European Cup though he played in half the club's league matches last season. Later, another good crowd—22,000—saw the 3-1 win over Dynamo Berlin with Ganzera getting his first league goal in a team that included six reserves.

Last time out, still depleted, they just won 2-1 at Cittbus where 'keeper Boden saved a penalty.

However, FC Carl Zeiss Jena occupy top place despite losing 2-0 away to Lokomotive Leipzig. They bounced back from that defeat with a crushing 5-1 win over Chemie Leipzig in which all their stars, Ducke, Stein and Vogel (a penalty) all scored but Ducke received his third caution and is automatically suspended for one game.

Unbeaten Stal

POLAND

POLISH Champions Stal Mielec hung on longest to their unbeaten tally though they have played two games fewer than their rivals and one of these is away to Gornik.

At Zabrze, Gornik held the leaders Ruch Chorzow to a 2-2 draw after a flurry of early goals. Bula put Ruch ahead after only five minutes but within seconds Banas levelled matters. Three minutes later and Gorgon the *libero* had gone upfield to score for Gornik to put them 2-1 up but just before the break Maszczyk made it 2-2 and there was no further score.

Gornik, still without Lubanski, then won 1-0 away to Odra at Opole (Szarmach) but in the following match, the prestige game against Legia, they went down 1-0 and now appear to be out of the running again.

Ruch, meanwhile, share the limelight with Wisla Krakow and Stal though they faltered around the time of their UEFA Cup games. Away to Stal, Ruch went down 1-0 to a goal scored by Lato and then given a few calm days recovered to beat Gwardia 3-2.

Then disaster struck with the visit of Szombierki (Bytom) who beat them soundly by 3-1. Two points from three games and the race was opened out again.

Wisla blotted their hopes at Poznan where they lost 1-3 to Lech and then they just scraped home after a tight defensive game 1-0 at home to ROW Rybnik to share the lead with Ruch. One point away (with two games to play) are Stal who beat Slask Wroclaw 1-0 and then gained a point (0-0) where Wisla had failed at Poznan.

Henryk Kasperczak is the key man in Stal's bid and much depends on his fitness and form.

Come back

Legia, with Czech coach Jaroslav Vejvoda back in charge after quitting to return to Dukla Prague for a spell, got off to a poor start but have come back into the reckoning with three straight wins over LKS Lodz (1-0) in which Gadocha scored and their success in Zabrze.

They lie in 4th place with Ruch and Wisla four points ahead. Like Gornik and Stal they have their problems and are affected too by the World Cup preparations which will continue to take up the time of key players.

Kiev outstanding

DYNAMO KIEV, Dynamo Moscow and Ararat Jerevan have been the outstanding teams of the 1973 campaign and in the final weeks Ararat proved themselves beyond doubt the current top dogs.

With Ararat already qualified for the FA Cup Final the Kiev club and their counterparts in Moscow had to play off in the semi-final.

The result was a deadlock with Blokhin scoring for Kieven but Kozlov equalising and extra time brought no further goals. The rules then called for penalty kicks and the first series again ended level at 5-5 with Dynamo Kiev finally winning 6-5.

RUSSIA

In the final there was another closely fought game which swung one way then the other. After an hour's play Viktor Kolotow put Kiev ahead with a penalty kick but Levon Istoyan equalised for Ararat 1-1 at 90 minutes, extra time was played and with two minutes left in the first period Istoyan took the winner and the Cup (2-1) for Ararat.

At the time Ararat were struggling a bit in the league after occupying top place for most of the season. After winning 1-0 away to Torpedo in Moscow a capacity 55,000 crowd watched the visit of Dynamo Moscow.

A speculative shot from thirty yards put Dynamo ahead when the ball was deflected off a defender to give the Moscow club an own goal but in the second half Arkadij Andriasjan got the leveller.

Ararat were then beaten on penalties 3-5. Fortunately for them on the same day their major challenger Dynamo Kiev crashed 3-0 away to ZOSA in Moscow where star goalkeeper Jevguenij Rudakov had a stinker.

Kiev then beat Zenith Leningrad 2-0 with Blokhin getting his 17th league goal of the campaign while Ararat managed an away draw against Schachtjor at Donezk 0-0 and then won 4-3 on penalties.

This gave Ararat a point and left them level with Kiev at the top on 33 points with three games to play.

Finally within seven days Ararat won three games in a row to take the league title and clinch the double. 2-1 at home to Dynamo Minsk, 1-0 at home to ZDSA and 3-2 at home to Zenith, bringing six points.

Kiev meanwhile drew 0-0 away to Karpaty Lvov and won a point 5-4 on spot kicks but another 0-0 draw at home to Kairat saw them beaten on penalties, and trailing by five points.

Dzodzuashvili of Dynamo Tbilisi.

RED HARD

ATTENDANCES have tumbled again in Yugoslavia, and with rare exceptions the clubs are having difficulties attracting a good crowd. The general opinion is that too many top players have gone abroad, and the televising, live and in full, of games that are known in advance only adds to the problems.

Red Star, despite their European Cup success over Liverpool, have been badly affected. Without international stars Petar Krivokuca and Dragan Dzajic they were beaten 1-0 by FK Bor for the first time ever and then following the three week break for the vital World Cup game against Spain they were beaten 2-1 at home by Vardar Skoplje.

This game at the 100,000 capacity Maracana was watched by less than a thousand—due to live TV.

Previously unbeaten, Red Star are still in the championship hunt but sadly miss their injured stars.

Dinamo Zagreb, apparently recovered from the internal troubles of the past two years, were the early pace makers but went down 0-1 away to Radnicki (Nisch) to allow Celik who play at Zenica near Zagreb to go top. The following game brought these two

Red Star before their match against Liverpool in Belgrade. Left to right: Pavlovic, Petrovic (O.), Lazarevic, Krivokuca, Bogicevic, Petrovic (V.), Baralic, Karasi, Acimovic, Jankovic, Jovanovic.

STAR HIT

YUGOSLAVIA

together and Dinamo, at home won 2-0 to go a point clear at the top once more.

OFK Beograd, who have lost the services of right winger Ilija Petkovic and centre forward Slobodan Santrac, are struggling this season. They moved up several places after beating newly promoted Proleter (Zrenjanin) 2-0 but do not look like championship material, while Proleter have faded after starting in grand style.

OFK neighbours Partizan also continue to struggle in the bottom half of the table and have never really recovered following the exodus after reaching the 1966 European Cup Final.

One of their stars in that final was inside right Vladimir Kovacevic who went to France. Returning home last summer he has taken over as coach from his former colleague Velibor Vasovic (who went to Ajax) and went home a year ago.

A 1-1 draw with Hajduk and a 1-0 win after a bruising match in Sarajevo against Zeljeznicar (Nenad Bjekovic got the vital goal) keeps them away from the relegation zone.

President resigns after two defeats

AUSTRIA

NOT many weeks ago the Austrians were optimistic about their World Cup chances and considered their national team, re-built by Leopold Stastny their Czech coach, to be a good one.

Then England hammered them 7-0 and West Germany beat a hastily re-shuffled side 4-0 a few days later and a swarm of critics arose. Reforms should have been instituted long ago they say, knowing full well that with all the clubs in financial trouble the players train like amateurs and the best inevitably go abroad.

Five games

F.A. President Dr. Josef Gerne has taken the criticisms to heart and announced his resignation.

Early pace makers Sturm Graz have won only one of their last five games and in the process scored only two goals against 12. They have slid down to 6th position. The new leaders are VOEST Linz, managed by former international inside forward Helmut Senekowitsch.

VOEST goalkeeper Herbert Rettensteiner has not been beaten in the last seven games (all won) and they have picked up 19 points from the last 12 games.

The big Vienna derby FK, Austria v Rapid, pulled a 30,000 crowd to the Prater Stadion and ended prematurely when fans invaded the pitch ten minutes from time. The score was 1-1 for this 123rd clash of the old giants, and though the rules call for a 3-0 defeat for the home team, the OFB ordered a replay presumably because the Prater Park is a neutral ground.

Champions Swarowski Wacker Innsbruck look as if they will be in the hunt again this season. With Kurt Jara gone to Spain their prime spearhead now is the German Bobby Breuer who has nine goals to date. Chief marksman is Rapid's 18-year-old Hans Krankl who played against England.

Krankl got his second hat trick of the campaign in the 4-2 win over Admira and now totals 14 with the German Lothar Emmerich having got 12 for Austria Klagenfurt.

WORLD SOCCER DIARY...WORLD SOCCER DIARY...WORLD SOCCER DIARY

England's poor record... Ajax ban... Brazilian smugness... wh

THOSE who stoically go on believing that English football is the best in the world would do well to reconsider in view of our performances in the World Cup, European Cup and Cup Winners Cup in the past few weeks.

Liverpool were cruelly exposed by the very talented Red Star of Yugoslavia. How one newspaper writer could describe Liverpool as being unlucky to be eliminated is incredible. Red Star had skill where Liverpool had endeavour and their two goals at Anfield were gems.

Bill Shankly was quoted as saying after the first leg that Red Star's second goal was yards offside. Tommy Smith said the scorer was so far offside that he thought he was part of the crowd. Immediately one had sympathy for the English champions ... until the incident was shown on television. The referee was vindicated; Alec Lindsay played Acimovic onside and the goal was a good one.

Sunderland were beaten by Sporting Lisbon, which brought to an end English interest in the Cup Winners Cup. And despite talk of England gaining a place in the World Cup finals next year via the backdoor, there is very little hope of that happening.

If these defeats do not prove that English football is in need of a drastic overhaul, what does?

Those who have suggested that Ajax are slipping since the departure of Johan Cruyff would seem to have a point. The surprise defeat of Ajax by CSKA of Sofia in the European Cup, a competition they have rightly won for the past three years, would appear to be further evidence that Cruyff has left a void that will take a long time to fill.

With the exit of Ajax, the European Cup competition this year is wide open without a really outstanding side in the running. Long range bet: Red Star of Yugoslavia.

What is it that makes players and supporters behave the way those associated with the Lazio club did in Rome recently when the club played Ipswich? Lazio, of course, have a disgusting record of violence and have already been the subject of one UEFA ban. Ipswich were kicked and hacked when they played the second leg of their UEFA Cup tie and subjected to vicious provocation. The behaviour of some of the on-lookers was vile and malicious. UEFA should act again, and perhaps put a permanent ban on Lazio competing in Europe again.

THE tremendous boom in attendances in the West German Bundesliga (National League) is continuing unabated. After the first 14 match days, already over three million spectators have passed through the turnstiles. This represents an increase of nearly 700,000 fans (!) as compared with the corresponding stage of last season. The average gate has leapt from the miserable 16,381 of last term, to the amazing total of 25,842 per match!

The most staggering rise is being registered by Hertha Berlin, who are boasting average home crowds of 51,200 per game. Next come Schalke with 47,500, followed by Bayern Munich 44,800, VfB Stuttgart 32,000 and Eintracht Frankfurt on 30,400.

A further seven clubs show average attendances of 20,000 to 25,000. The poorest crowds have been recorded at Offenbach with 13,500, MSV Duisburg 15,200, Cologne 15,000, Wuppertal 17,000, Rotweiss Essen 17,400, and Fortuna Cologne 19,800.

There is little doubt that the high ratio of goals is helping to swell the gates in Germany. In the eleventh championship round the nine games produced the astonishing total of 46 goals—on average five goals per match! In the twelfth round, the two top teams were both on the receiving end in these incredible scores: Kaiserslautern beat Bayern Munich, the champions, by 7-4 (!), whilst VfB Stuttgart slammed the Cup holders Borussia Mönchengladbach by 6-1!

Brazilian papers commented with undisguised smugness and sarcasm on England's World Cup elimination.

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York City goalkeeper Graeme Crawford shows the safest pair of hands in the Football League after going nine games without conceding a goal.

BOOK REVIE

LACK of space does not enable us to revi
that reaches our offices. However, a
from the colossal amount of literature availab

The prolific Brian Glanville, in splendid fo
offers "The Thing He Loves" (Secker & W
A collection of short stories in the typical
it is just the sort of book to settle down with

Also from Brian Glanville comes "The
History of the World Cup" (Times Newspap
There will obviously be no shortage of Wo
in the next few weeks but this one has set
that most will fail to reach. Highly recomme

World Soccer readers will find much to i
the latest "International Football Book" (S
£1.10. Features by some top names are a
usual "annual" variety, with Di Stefano, Ne
Cruyff leading the way.

...WORLD SOCCER DIARY...

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EWS

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ce. And shortly she is

due to qualify to be put in charge of matches in the Honour Division, France's top amateur league.

At first, Nicole says, the men tried to take advantage of her, but they soon learned to respect the sound of her whistle. "I may be small but I won't tolerate being treated lightly and even less being insulted," she says. For in the heat of battle even traditionally French gallantry has occasionally given way to heated and unconsidered words unfit for a lady's ears.

But generally, foul language is reserved for the ears of opponents and if possible out of earshot of the lady referee to avoid her any embarrassment. The players' gentlemanly behaviour, which has on occasion gone so far as after-match flowers for the referee, sometimes makes her suspicious, too.

What's causing all this attention from a bevy of photographers? See page 43 for the answer.

Who do you believe?

Peter Osgood, in the *Daily Mail* commenting on his display for Chelsea against Everton a few days before England met Italy:

"I was nervous knowing that Alf (Ramsey) was there and the England game was coming up."

In the *Daily Mirror* on the same day, Osgood again: "I wasn't trying to impress Alf Ramsey because I didn't know he was watching until afterwards."

Jimmy Hill and Frank McLintock on the Lightning stand at the British Sports Trade Fair, with actress Pauline Peart of the new "Carry On Girls" film. She is also captain and centre-forward of the Artists Eleven football team.

Letter to the Editor

SIR Stanley Rous, an old friend, believes I was unfair in the November article in World Soccer, when I suggested that the FA lacked vision by attempting to bar English clubs playing in the European Cup.

That was when Chelsea bowed to pressures and refused to be the first English club to compete in the tournament in 1955. At that time, Harold Hardman, then Manchester Utd chairman, said to me: "The sooner we become English champions the better, because neither the FA nor the League nor anyone else will stop us playing in the European Cup."

Sir Stanley, then FA Secy, and now, of course, President of F.I.F.A., states in a letter to me: "It was not the FA but the League which prevented the participation of English clubs in the early days, and it was I, who, after a number of meetings with Harold Hardman and Matt Busby, persuaded Manchester Utd to defy the League ban, and the FA gave them full support."

It was generally accepted at the time, certainly by newspapermen, that the FA had joined forces with the League on that ban, but Sir Stanley puts the record straight, and, incidentally, extends a kind invitation for a talk about the work of the FA during his regime, which should be interesting.

ERIC THORNTON

from

NORMAN CUTLER

Atletico may face trouble after victory

ATLETICO Madrid's great away win over Dynamo de Bucarest in the European Cup was the best performance by any Spanish team since the heyday of Real Madrid.

It can be compared with the famous Real v Eintracht game in Scotland . . . but it was achieved with a whole list of broken rules that may persuade U.E.F.A. and F.I.F.A. to step in and reverse a F.A. (Spain) decision.

Atletico's line-up included three foreigners: Becerra, Heredia and Ayala. The Spanish Federation rules say foreigners may only play in League matches.

The Argentinian players—Ayala and Heredia—(whose performances have startled Spain)—were originally signed by Barcelona and cannot legally be resigned by a Spanish Club. There is also doubt about the nationality of Becerra's parents and his signing.

Shocking

The Europe v America game in Barcelona to celebrate the "Day of Football" was a shocking flop . . . a handful of famous players, no spectators (15,000 in a ground that holds 80,000) and no money?!

Some stars who live in Spain said: "Why should we risk injury to pay for Cruyff's transfer fee?"

The great success was the sex-show before the match. The first Majorettes seen in Spain, who led the captains and officials onto the field were a remarkable sight. They were undoubtedly the prettiest of Spain's feminine beauty, so were those who carried the flags of the forty nations. Majorettes are now, I understand, becoming a permanent institution at all matches in Spain.

It was supposed to be a match of Super-Stars. The girls were the "Super Stars". Their legs were the super-sensation of the day. No wonder five stars missed penalties. My guess is the keeper Santorno, who saved them, thought the girls were to be wrapped up in tissue paper and given away as bonuses.

Surprise

Now it's all over there is talk of Cubillas, Rivileno, Paulo César, Brindisi, Pavlovic all signing for Barcelona!

That wouldn't be a surprise, that's their way of doing things. Watch it, Barcelona . . . you're already too much in debt and have passed the three foreign signings permitted.

Anyway, what was that "Day of Football" all about?

None of the Spanish public knew anything. I hope you did . . . I didn't!

The nearest guess was in the *Daily Express*—they called it the BARCELONA "showpiece". They were nearest to the truth.

CRUYFF for Friendly Matches!

Barcelona—without money to pay the 100-million pesetas for Cruyff—asked for permission from Ajax and the Dutch Federation to play the Dutch Ace in six friendly games to help pay the exorbitant 100,000,000 peseta transfer fee.

82,000,000 pesetas have already been collected by specially arranged games . . . 28 millions are still outstanding.

Mrs. Cruyff says, understandably, they dislike the anti-Cruyff attitude and criticism of the public and they might soon return to Amsterdam. I wonder? He can't earn £9,000 in Amsterdam.

"Nice work . . . if you can get it . . ."

To be able to "earn" £9,000 in a week is almost film star level. That is what Johann Cruyff raked in during one week from interviews, photographs, books and advertising sun glasses!

In fact, for an article regarding his private life, "Actualidad" paid 60,000 pesetas. It seems the originally quoted fee of 40,000 pesetas has been increased. To add insult to injury, the public had to pay five pesetas more than the usual price for the magazine.

You can't win!!

Energy

One compensation is that the magazine did include a double page feature poster of AYALA the phenomenal player from the Argentine who has recently joined Atletico Madrid. He is one of the few foreigners signed to play for Spanish clubs who has proved his worth. With his long, black, wavy hair falling half way down his back and his moustache bristling with energy he is utterly elusive, noticed only by his devastating raids.

We must also grudgingly admit that Johann Cruyff seems to have turned the tide for Barcelona. He is at least making the goals Barcelona could never score, and has, perhaps, been responsible for taking them from third from the bottom of the league table to third from the top.

Ladislav Kubala, team manager of Spain.

GUNTER NETZER also seems to have found his feet at last with Real Madrid, although the shy, modest German does seem rather out of place. "I have been unable to cope with the "sheer violence" of Spanish football," he states.

He is a delightful ball player, with exceptional skill and artistry, but unable to compete with dirty tackling from inferior teams, whose sole intention is to annihilate the best player of the opponents by fair means or foul.

With only six points between the top and the bottom of the First Division League, it is difficult to form an opinion. We are still looking for next year's champions. Real Madrid after being half way down the table suddenly rose to be in third position, only to be substituted the following week by Barcelona in that position, while Real dropped to sixth . . . so it's anyone's guess.

Gunter Netzer of Real Madrid.

NETZER WILL STAY WITH REAL

says Norman Cutler

BAYERN Munich have approached Real Madrid for the transfer of Golden Boy immigrant Gunter Netzer, signed by the Spanish Club for three years in June. They received a negative answer from President Bernabeu in record time.

President Bernabeu telephoned his fellow President Neudedecker from Santa Pola and gave Madrid's picture. "As far as I'm concerned talks are terminated before they have begun.

"Bayern know the conditions of Netzer's signing, that no club may sign a player and re-transfer him back to his own country or any other club in the same season. In any case, you don't transfer players as good as Netzer. Leave him alone and let him acclimatise himself to Spanish football, food and customs. He's had a lot of bad luck . . . a missed penalty . . . a series of serious injuries. He's only human."

Contented

Speaking of his form since arriving in Spain, Netzer personally told me he was happy and contented, not so with his team's performance but because he believed the results against Murcia, Castellon and Granada were freak results, this may never happen again.

"I believe that Real Madrid will soon be much higher in the League—probably champions. I have taken much longer to adapt myself than I expected. Everyone needs time to adjust themselves, even Di Stefano. Spanish football is much different to German—it's not just tougher but sheer violence and but for the referees' habit of allowing players to tackle the opponent's legs, I might have progressed much further.

Diverting

"When I arrived in Spain it was a new world. I wanted to learn the language—which I have—and study its history and understand the Spanish people. Food and customs take a little time getting used to.

"I have had a lot of bad luck—a missed penalty in my first game—goals disallowed and posts diverting shots. I feel that's all over now and the future is quite different for the club and for myself.

"No, you can be sure I won't be leaving Real Madrid. Why should I? Munich has the advantage of being in my homeland . . . but my home is now in Spain.

"I am in perfect accord with my manager and fellow players, their friendship and companionship is first class. Critics don't know much . . . in Spain they say I don't run enough . . . in Germany that I ran too much! Spanish writers say I play too far forward . . . Germans, too far back. I play and run according to instructions."

Netzer will learn that if he runs like a crazy goat or cat in defence of his honour, critics will call him the greatest player on this or any other planet. That's all they know, and how they judge a good player.

Schoen, the West German Manager, says Netzer used to play for himself—now in Madrid he has learnt to play for the team. He's a better player today.

Signature

Finally, he's the most popular player in Spain today.

Netzer will stay with Real Madrid, the only club to seek his signature. Miguel Munoz (Team Manager), Antonio Calderon (General Manager), Dominguez (Secretary) and President Santiago Bernabeu are all against the very idea of him moving.

£1,500,000 won't tempt Madrid!

New roles for the Charltons

by ERIC THORNTON

THE Old Man of the Woods said it was the last we'd probably ever hear of the Charltons once they finally decided to call it a day, hung up their boots and signed off as players.

Those who dallied for further drops of wisdom, and then, like so many others, backed losing forecasts, must be wondering today just how wrong you can be with long-range opinions in this great soccer game of ours.

Because these two brothers whose lifelines have been so fantastically similar since schooldays are now beginning to shape up for a record no Guinness editor has ever browsed upon—sharing the Second Division promotion award with Middlesbrough and Preston.

Outspoken

Maybe the odds against that kind of achievement are rather high, at the moment, yet anyone knowing this pair of outspoken, industrious, down-to-earth characters will readily trim the betting whatever the stakes.

Mrs. Charlton's sons, you see, are fighters who were early accustomed to toughness in the Northumbrian town of Ashington, where most of the menfolk earn a living at the coalface, and either watch Newcastle United on Saturday afternoons or just stay supping in their favourite bars.

That was when Jack, with a good knowledge of the pits, made up his mind he was going to be either a policeman or a footballer. Anything in order to avoid "working down that great, big bloody hole in the ground."

Groomed

He was groomed under the discipline of Revie, in the years when The Don was learning the managerial ropes with Leeds United, and while developing into a key figure in England's defence won the unusual soubriquet of The Giraffe.

A spade's a spade to him. Always has been. Which rather explains why his first blast as Middlesbrough's new boss swept through Ayresome Park like a Force Ten gale as he said: "The club's got some very good players, and also some lazy ones, but everybody will have to give effort in my team."

Bobby, who made over 600 appearances with Manchester United and is always affectionately referred to by Jack as "Our kid", was left to make his own decision by Dad on their first visit to Old Trafford, and, slightly overwhelmed by the size of everything, the shy teenager said: "This is going to be my club, Dad."

The interim was marked by triumphs at club and international level until the presentation of the hundredth cap, and later elevation to the stockbroker belt of Cheshire—a far cry from the time when we flew back together from his first England trip to Belfast, and he excitedly pointed down from the night sky to a black spot surrounded by Manchester's million lights, and said: "That black spot down there's Old Trafford."

Assessment of his character may be judged from the Munich disaster. For on managing to phone a newspaper from the airport, he murmured quietly and simply: "Will you please ring my landlady and ask her to let Mum and Dad and Jack know I'm all right, otherwise they'll be worrying, especially Mum."

Opportunities

I suspect that neither really wanted to end their playing days. But Father Time was tapping their shoulders. And, in any event, the opportunities they had privately wanted suddenly presented themselves, and couldn't be passed up.

How do they view their different problems? Big Jack says: "My job is to make the players and supporters proud of Middlesbrough once again, and in the process I'm being quite honest with the team about everything, and expect honesty from them."

On the promotion topic, there was a sly dig at England players who scorned advice from Second Division bosses when he said: "If I can't say what I think about top-class football after 36 internationals and 800 league games, I don't know who can, and if Middlesbrough win promotion perhaps some of the England boys will accept helpful criticism a little more easily."

Bobby, a Preston idol already, though wisely recognising that crowds won't always go to Deepdale just because he happens to be the manager, says: "Preston is a club worth working for, and has a good crowd potential, and I'm longing to give them something good to cheer."

Jackie Charlton . . . third from the left.

NASL EXPANSION

FOLLOWING on the most successful season in its history the North American Soccer League held its annual meeting in Toronto in October.

One of the items on the agenda was the proposed expansion of the league and commissioner Phil Woosnam informed the clubs that the league office had received a total of 13 applications for new franchises for the 1974 season. However, he noted that so far only three have the necessary $10,000 franchise deposit. Those applications are from Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco.

The NASL operated with nine teams this past summer but late in September Sam Berger, the owner of one of those nine teams, announced that his club, the Montreal Olympique, would not operate in 1974 unless he could find a more suitable stadium. At the same time he announced that both general manager Jim Koerner and coach Graham Adams had been let go and it is thought that the chances of Montreal operating in 1974 are very remote indeed.

While Montreal has not been a good soccer city for a number of years, the Olympique followed an admirable policy last season of encouraging young Canadian players and three of their players, Chris Horrocks, Jim Corsi and Gordon Wallace —were members of the Canadian amateur team that toured Europe recently.

Propose

A league that has always been ready to propose and to try new ideas the NASL clubs have decided that there will be no tie games in the league next season, with those games that are level after 90 minutes being decided on penalty kicks.

On a more controversial note the league governors agreed to request a substitution rule change from FIFA. The NASL is seeking a free substitution, meaning a player can go in and out of a game more than once.

Just how far the league intends to go with this has not yet been spelled out, but if it ever granted permission to go ahead, one foresees specialists running on and off just to take such things as corners, free kicks or penalties. Or tall men running on for corners and short men running off. We could even have goalkeepers who are experts at saving spot-kicks replacing those who perform better in the general run of the play, just for a few minutes. It would be a farce.

While new ideas are always welcome and the NASL is to be given credit for its willingness to introduce them, one hopes that this one ends up where it belongs—in the garbage can.

Ayre the surprise

News from Canada

by

COLIN JOSE

CANADA'S national amateur team concluded their 1973 European tour at rainy, wind-swept Windsor Park in Belfast with a 6-4 defeat by an Irish eleven selected from the clubs in the Irish League.

Previously the Canadians had beaten the 1st FC Nurnberg "B" team 1-0, lost to a team selected from the Malta League 0-2, tied with the Maltese amateur team 0-0, lost 3-7 to a Copenhagen Select team and beat Luxembourg 2-0.

With the game in Nurnberg being little more than a warm-up, Canada's first test came in Malta where, like most teams visiting the island, they had trouble adjusting to the pitch in the Gzira Stadium. The Maltese fielded what was almost a full international team and they proved just a little too strong for a Canadian team that was still finding its feet.

Coach Bill McAllister made a number of changes for the game against the weaker Maltese amateurs and six young Canadians made their international debut. In this game the Canadians played well up to the penalty area and generally controlled play, but created very few opportunities.

In Copenhagen goalkeeping was a major factor in the defeat with Tony Chursky, who had been outstanding in Malta, having an off-day. The Danes were two up inside 15 minutes but the young Canadian team fought back and at half-time only trailed by three goals to two, with Gary Batchelor and Joe Schiraldi scoring the goals.

Then in the second half the roof fell in as the Danes scored four more times to Canada's once, with Sam Lenarduzzi scoring from the penalty spot.

Playing against a Luxembourg team that included eight players who had represented that country in World Cup play within the last year, Canada shook the Luxembourgers by scoring twice in the first 25 minutes through Buzz Parsons and Joe Schiraldi. But then the Canadians failed to capitalise on their territorial superiority and had to be content with a 2-0 advantage.

Scheduled

Originally scheduled as an amateur international the status of the game in Belfast was changed and the Canadians found themselves facing what was virtually an Irish League team. Once again they gave up two quick goals but fought back to tie the score, with Brian Robinson scoring twice following two corners.

The Irish team went ahead again before the interval and added three more goals in the second half to Canada's two from Chris Bennett and Jimmy Douglas.

Although the Canadians came out of the tour with a losing record it was successful from their point of view for they were able ot expose their younger players to different conditions and circumstances and give them experience that they could not buy at home.

The more experienced players like Sam Lenarduzzi, Jim Douglas (who was outstanding against Luxembourg), Brian Robinson, Buzz Parsons and Joe Schiraldi all came out of it well. In addition to this young players such as Jim McDonald, Gary Batchelor, Gordon Wallace, Frank Sauer, Brian Gant and Chris Bennett demonstrated that they have the ability to play in this class of soccer. But perhaps the biggest surprise of all was the play of 19-year-old Gary Ayre of the New Westminster Blues, a relative unknown before the tour started he played in every game at left back and went from strength to strength.

FATHER ELIGIO AND CONCETTO LO BELLO...

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

THE Father Eligio case went out, indeed, not with a bang but with a whimper. Gracious, or craven, withdrawal by both sides, just as things seemed to be coming to the boil; just as Cocetto Lo Bello was about to bring along his celebrated hot potato. But for the benefit of those to whom the whole affair is new, let me recapitulate.

Father Eligio is a 42-year-old Franciscan monk who for eight years was spiritual adviser to the Milan football club, and a very close friend of Gianni Rivera. The trouble began when he gave an interview to a small circulating Italian magazine in Milan, saying that all the Italian referees were "either conditioned or corrupted," and that it was much easier for somebody like Agnelli — the power behind Juventus and FIAT — to do it than for some lesser provincial President.

The Italian laws being, in the opinion of Father Eligio when I spoke to him on the telephone to Milan, "three hundred years behind England's," thirty eight count them thirty eight Italian referees were able, as a body, to make common cause against the good friar and sue him for criminal libel.

Journey

It looked very interesting. During the summer, Lo Bello, the famous Sicilian referee, now a Member of Parliament to boot, gave a most indiscreet interview while on a car journey through Sicily, to the Sicilian correspondent of a Milanese newspaper. In the course of it he accused the not much loved, new-rich President of Milan, Buticchi, who had bitterly attacked him after the Lazio-Milan match in Rome, of coming down to his native Syracuse and offering the municipality all sorts of tempting industrial propositions. If he were called to the tribunal of Father Eligio, he said, he would bring with him a potato so hot that on one would be able to hold it. When the interview duly appeared, Lo Bello promptly denied it, a denial that convinced nobody.

The question was, would he testify at the tribunal, or would he use his privilege as a deputy to give testimony to some local magistrate? In the event, it became known that Lo Bello was prepared to waive his privilege and . . . come to the fair. The case, which had been dragging on since the Spring, was due to re-open on October 3. In the meantime when I spoke to Father Eligio, I managed at last to get him to include the name of Milan among the rich clubs which "condition" referees, on the basis of the notorious Leeds versus Milan European Cupwinners' Cup Final.

But then . . . anticlimax. Father Eligio, who if found guilty could have gone to prison for several years, thus exchanging his monastic cell for another, recanted. Perhaps the *dolce vita* of Milan restrained him with its siren call. He is rather a worldly monk, despite his protestations that he would have liked to be the son of a prostitute, thus cutting himself off from all politely constituted society. He runs an equivalent of the Samaritans known as Mondo X, World X, X being, he says, the unknown factor. Bevies of rich, pretty girls work with him; beauty, he says, helps him to give of his best.

At all events, he withdrew his allegations, and the 38 count them 38 offended referees withdrew their charges. I must agree with the plague-on-both-your-houses of my old friend and Roman colleague Alberto Marchese, who not only criticised Father Eligio for backing down, but the referees, for the same reason. "A ridiculous, ultra-Italian affair," he called it, not without justice. Now, he said, there would always be doubts about the impartiality of the Italian referees, who should have taken their case to the limits, proving their "adamantine purity" or at least "the absolute involuntary nature of their errors."

And so sputtered to an end "the trial of the century." The referees went back to their controversial whistling, Father Eligio to enjoying . . . if not the best of both worlds, then certainly his BMW, and the company of his pretty adherents.

Admired

Where are they now? Vladimir Beara, for example, the "ballet dancing goalkeeper" who was so admired over here in the 1950s, playing brilliantly for Yugoslavia against England in 1950, for the Rest of the World against England, three years later.

Well, Beara is still around and about, but, as must so often be the case with famous athletes, in a somewhat anti-climactic way. Last season he was assistant manager of his old club, Hajduk Split, under his old international colleague, Branko Zebec. But at the end

GOOD WIN FOR PAOK

PAOK Salonika had an impressive 7-3 aggregate win over Lyon the French Cup holders in the Cup Winners Cup. They followed up a merited 3-3 draw away with a four clear goal win at home before 35,000.

Crowds are still quite good in the championship, too, with 42,000 taking in the 1-1 draw at Salonika between PAOK and Panathinaikos. Ferenc Puskas' side had a close call at home to AEK Athens when they were given a last minute penalty and won by it.

Olympiakos are top on 13 points but with a better goal tally than either Panathinaikos and Aris Salonika who are bracketed with them at the moment.

The Olympiakos striker Kritikopoulos is the top scorer with a hat-trick against Seres in a 6-0 win taking his total to seven goals.

Kuhn of Switzerland and Rivera of Italy during their recent World Cup clash in Rome.

of that unsuccessful season, out they both went, and poor Beara now finds himself in charge of a Second Division club on the Hungarian border, Ossiek.

Beara, who went from his local club to Red Star of Belgrade, was another famous Central European goalkeeper to fall foul of the customs—he too was caught with contraband gifts in his case, he too was suspended and later amnestied, just like Gyula Grosics of Hungary. Things, alas, didn't go well; twice he injured a knee, and the second time he was obliged to retire. He studied at the feet of the famous West German manager, Sepp Herberger. As a coach, however, Beara did not do well.

Solitary

Indeed, Ferrante, a director of Hajduk, laments that Beara is no longer himself; he has become reserved and solitary. In his spare time, he went fishing among the little islands off Split. "He was happy," said Ferrante, "to talk about his past, he didn't like to talk about the present."

A former referee believes that the real trouble was that Beara, who also tried his luck in West Germany without success, was taken on by minor clubs who hoped to trade on his name, but which hadn't the resources to do well. The blame was then put on Beara. The referee, Petrosic, also believes that Beara has mistakenly tried to apply German methods to the Yugoslavs. "Our footballers are more willing but haven't the same stamina." So, rather sadly, it goes on. Beara, as one journalist observed, is weighed down by the forty-six caps he won as a goalkeeper for Yugoslavia.

When Bobby Charlton gave a television interview at the beginning of this season, emerging as the kind, balanced, decent person he unquestionably is, he made one extremely cogent, and slightly alarming, point. He said that if soccer did really take a grip on the United States, as now seems more than possible, that would be that. The playing and coaching talent would just flood into the States.

Will it happen? In the first place, will soccer at last catch on in America? I am beginning to believe it will; ironically, as the indirect, rather than the direct, consequence of the professional "revolution" of 1967. Clubs like the Dallas Tornado, supported by the boundless millions of Lemar Hunt, may not have set Texas alight, but the "spin off" has been remarkable. Thanks to the Tornado giving soccer a rallying point and a centre, there are now literally scores of "little league" soccer clubs for boys, and even girls, in the area, and in Kyle Rote, Texas has produced its own home grown star.

Imposed

The NASL title was won by the Philadelphia Atoms with an American manager called Al Miller, and the team included a number of native Americans. It is intriguing to see how the gloomy prophesies of the Jeremiahs, in 1967, are being turned inside out. They said soccer could never be imposed from the the top, it must grow from grass roots. Well, the "imposition" from the top has helped the grass roots abundantly to grow. I have done my stint as a soccer correspondent for the *New York Times*, in 1967, and would not fancy permanently deserting London for New York. But the exhortation to players, coaches, critics of the future may well be one which belongs to the past; Horace Greely's "Go West, young man, go West!"

VITORIA—ACE CUP FIGHTERS

VITORIA Setubal are known as one of the best cup fighting teams in Portugal but their current position in the League suggests that they might well be on the way towards their first championship title this season.

Setubal have made the early running and are unbeaten after eight matches, topping the table and showing both Sporting and Benfica—the traditional giants of Portuguese championships—that a new name could be inscribed on the trophy this term.

In fact, only four clubs have ever won the Portuguese title—apart from Sporting and Benfica they are Porto and Belenenses. Now Setubal, who finished third last season, are putting in a strong bid for honours.

Formed in November 1910 as Vitoria Futebol Clube Setubal, the club had to wait many years for success and in fact their best period came in the middle 1960s when they reached four successive cup finals between 1965 and 1968, winning the trophy in 1965 and 1967. It was in fact in 1965 that their 3-1 Cup Final success against Benfica really put them on the map.

Capacity

They have a pleasantly appointed ground at Bonfim which has a seated capacity of 30,000, in the town which is a port 30 miles south-east of Lisbon and has a population of 80,000. Most of the inhabitants earn their living from either orange cultivation or fishing from the sea. Actually Setubal is known as the metropolis of the sardine while the nickname of the club is the Setubalenses or Sadinos the latter name derived from the river Sado which flows into the Atlantic.

Nowadays the club organises not only football but many other sports too, and the 7,000 members subscribe to help keep other sections like athletics, swimming, basketball, tennis, wrestling, handball and table tennis active throughout the year.

The football section alone runs three senior, two junior and two schoolboy teams and there is also a football school where lads can go to be taught the right way to play from the age of 10 upwards.

Though floodlights have been added in recent years the finances of the club have been such that big offers from clubs like Benfica and Sporting have always been tempting enough to make them part with their stars. Most of these players have been groomed through the club's nursery ranks and departures of note in recent years have included Jaime Graca, who went to Benfica, Tome who joined Sporting Lisbon and more recently Vitor Baptista the centre forward who also finished up in Benfica's Estoril.

These names have been added to the giants of the past who have included Armando Martins, who starred in Portugal's 1928 Olympic team and is rated as the grandfather of Setubal soccer, and as manager during their halcyon days of the 1960s Fernando Vaz.

Vaz came from Angola where he was born in 1918. He moved to Portugal as a boy and eventually took over the management of the Setubal club between 1963 and 1969. His success was such that he was sought and finally snapped up by Sporting who offered him such a lucrative position that only a madman would have refused.

The current manager is Jose Maria Pedroto who has also built up a steady reputation as a shrewd boss.

Setubal's initial appearance in Europe came in 1962-63 after they had been beaten finalists in the Cup. In the Cup Winners Cup they did not exactly achieve immediate success and this applied to subsequent entries in the competition in 1965-66 and the Fairs Cup of the following season.

by JACK ROLLIN

However in 1967-68 they recorded their first tie success when they beat Fredrikstad of Norway in the Cup Winners Cup and this was the start of a change of fortune in Europe.

In 1968-69 their Fairs Cup exploits saw them account for Linfield, Lyon and Fiorentina before they lost to Newcastle United. And the following season they did even better beating Rapid Bucharest and Liverpool on the away goals rule.

This match with Liverpool was the most exciting in which Setubal have ever played. Taking a 1-0 lead from their home leg, Setubal knew they would have to face the might of Liverpool and the famous "Kop".

Penalty

Yet incredibly after 56 minutes they were leading 2-0 at Anfield thanks to a penalty and an own goal! Liverpool piled on the pressure and injury time saw them having just pulled ahead 3-2 but beaten on the away goals rule.

In 1970-71 Setubal defeated Lausanne Hajduk Split and Anderlecht before Leeds United narrowly beat them in the quarter-finals on a 3-2 aggregate. When the first UEFA Cup competition began the next term, Setubal beat Nimes and Moscow Spartak before losing to UT Arad.

Last season Setubal again reached the quarter-final after eliminating Zaglebie Sosnowiec, Fiorentina and Inter-Milan and were desperately unlucky to bow out to Spurs again on the away goals rule.

At the end of last season Setubal reached the Cup Final once more. Their opponents were Sporting Lisbon and it was an enthralling encounter. At one stage Setubal were three goals down but with typical fighting spirit fought back to lose only 3-2 just when all had seemed lost.

Their goals in this match were scored by their two Brazilians—Duda and Vicente and both these players have had remarkable influence on the club's performances this season. Duda is currently the second highest scorer in Portugal with 11 goals out of the club's 24 and Vicente scored vital goals in the last round of the UEFA Cup against RWD Molenbeek.

At home to RWD, Setubal led 1-0 with a Vicente goal early on but away in Belgium, they were struggling and losing 2-1 on aggregate when Vicente came through with a last minute goal to again give Setubal the tie on the away goals rule!

The club's most famous player is centre forward Jose Torres, now a veteran aged 35 but still considered potent enough to have been recalled to Portugal colours in an emergency against Bulgaria, in the World Cup qualifying match. A reject by Benfica a couple of years ago, Torres has done well at Setubal and frequently been among the goals for them. However it seems that this could be his last season with them.

Most of the other players are locals including the recognised defence. Goalkeeper Joaquim Torres, no relation to the centre forward, is a reliable last line of defence and in front of him the usual back four of Rebelo, Carlos Cardoso, Jose Mendes and Carrico have all been home produced.

Rebelo is a full international of recent vintage while Carduso is the captain and a tough tackling 27 year old centre back. Torres and Mendes are uncapped at full level but Manuel Santos Carrico (31) has played for his country.

Another current international is Matine in midfield where he links up with 30 year old Jose Maria a coloured player from Angola. But probably the club's most consistent player this season is Octavio who has also forced his way into the national team.

Left winger Jacinto Joao (29) is also coloured and hails from Angola and is a specialist with free kicks. He, too, is no stranger to the national team in the past.

The club is well served with reserves, too, including goalkeeper Antonio Vaz, defenders Jose Lino, Joaquim Arcanjo, midfield players Campora and Augusto plus forward Bio, who usually plays on the right flank in attack.

Setubal meet Leeds United for the second time in their history in the next round of their European commitment and the result could be as close as it was on the last occasion.

Robin Parke reports from Hong Kong

Australia qualify...

EXACTLY one month after England's inglorious exit from the World Cup at Wembley, Australia, a long-suffering poor relation of the soccer world, qualified for West Germany at the expense of South Korea in a tense, third game play-off here in Hongkong.

For Australia it was a tremendous feat, one that had been planned for three years. They came desperately close to losing a gamble that had cost them over £250,000 and, had it failed, would have bankrupted the game "down-under" . . . and not only financially.

Australia's Soccer Federation staked everything on a bid to get to West Germany and the tension obviously affected the players. They drew the first leg game in Sydney 0-0, and should have been beaten, went 2-0 down after 30 minutes in Seoul, came back to finally draw 2-2, and should have won, and then came to Hongkong for the climax.

In the end the pure physical strength of the Australian team carried them through. The smaller South Koreans simply could not stand up to a harrowing second game in the space of three days and were never a match for the aggressive Aussies.

History

Australia qualified for West Germany with a 1-0 win before a capacity 30,000 crowd at the Hongkong Government Stadium, the most important single result in the long, if not illustrious, history of the game there.

The goal came 20 minutes from the end and was scored by Scots-born Jimmy Mackay who sent a scorching 30-yard drive blazing into the top of the net. The ball had been perfectly passed to him by a former fellow-Scot, Jimmy Rooney. As a 'double Scotch' it was just too strong for the wilting Koreans!

Australian officials were almost hysterically jubilant — but understandably so. Hard-working ASF secretary, Brian Le Fevre, who has worked hard to push soccer forward in the country, commented: "We simply could never think of losing. Far too much was at stake, simply everything.

"When it happened I felt weak with emotion. This will mean everything to the game in Australia," he added.

There is no doubt that Australians have turned on to soccer solely as a result of the "Socceroos" World Cup efforts. Live telecasts and big newspaper coverage followed every game. That sort of treatment is normally reserved for Australian Rules, Rugby League and racing.

And who are these Australians who have succeeded where so many have failed? Officials will quickly point out that they are all, in point of fact, Australians. They are, in as much that they now all carry Australian documents where previous teams travelled on a hotch-potch of passports, British ones predominant.

The players, who have been together for almost three years, consider themselves Aussies through and through and they celebrated victory in a manner which would not have disgraced a "true blue" Rules fan.

The skipper of the side is Peter Wilson, a rugged centre-back born in the north of England whose league experience in his native land was principally with Middlesborough Reserves. He has been in Australia for eight years.

The coach is Yugoslav-born Rale Rasic, now 36, who played at under-23 level for his native country and has been in Melbourne and Sydney for 10 years. He is assisted by Austrian-born Les Scheinflug, who had a tremendous career in Australian soccer after staying behind in the country when his team, Rapid, were on tour.

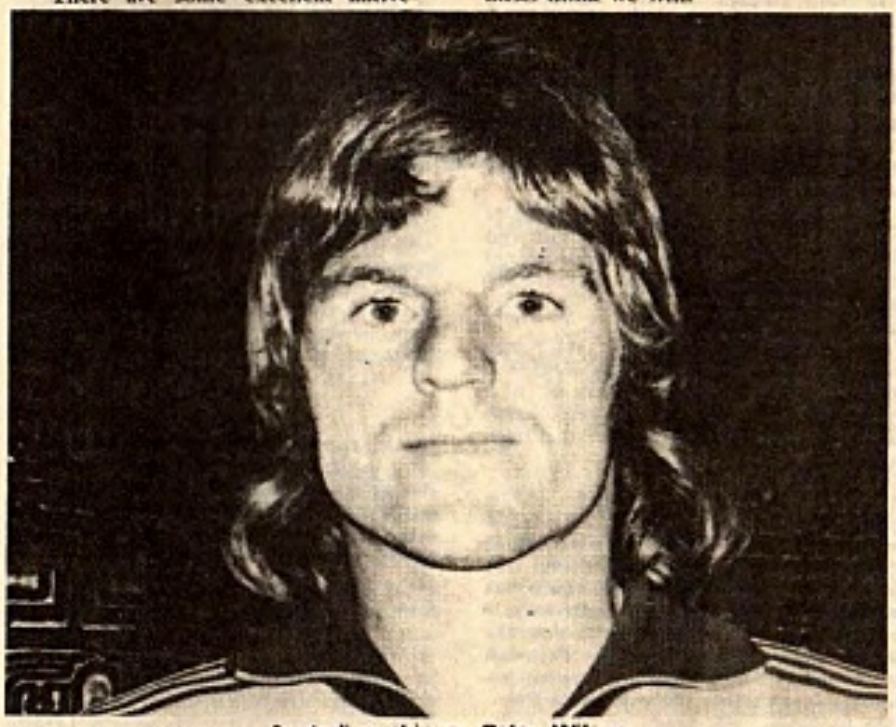
There are some excellent native-born Aussies in the side, however, notably goalkeeper Jim Fraser and striker Max Tolson. Both are certainties for Munich.

Australia's pre-Munich plans are already drawn up. The league season in the country will start six weeks early, in the first week of January. There will be a break when the squad is away on World Cup duty.

Rasic says: "The team, of course, will be kept together throughout the period. We will arrange games against foreign teams, including, we hope some of those teams who failed to make the finals.

"We will leave for Europe six weeks before the tournament starts and we hope to play against Chelsea and Arsenal in England and other lesser European countries as well."

Australia's chances, on the face of it, are quite remote. Possibly the ASF president, Sir Arthur George, summed it up best on his return to Sydney when he said: "Our main hope is to do better than the pessimists think we will."



Australian skipper Peter Wilson.

WORLD SOCCER NEWSDESK

ENGLAND'S match with Italy at Wembley produced several notable milestones. Bobby Moore led England for the 90th time as captain to equal the record of Billy Wright. He also won his 108th cap.

Italy became the fifth Continental country to win on English soil—the others being Hungary, Sweden, Austria and West Germany. The Italian goalkeeper Dino Zoff took his unbeaten run to 917 minutes. It was also England's 112th international under the direction of Sir Alf Ramsey.

THE story which was put out after England were eliminated from the World Cup by Poland to the effect that if the English squad would not be in Munich, at least four English players would go if Australia qualified, has proved accurate after all.

Australia having gone through a marathon of 11 matches including a play-off to dispose of the South Koreans, have done what England have failed to do. The Aussies quaintly called "socceroos" by their fellow sportsmen who still look upon soccer as a curious pastime for immigrants should be warned, however, that getting somewhere in the World Cup is not the sure fired success for the game that everyone might think.

Remember the United States beat England 1-0 in the World Cup in 1950 but the game is still far from getting off the ground out there. But the Aussies at least can claim many players from Europe who are establishing the game locally and now if it really catches on with the Aussies themselves they could be on a boom.

THE French experiment of awarding bonus points has certainly helped Nice edge into top place in the First Division table. They have six extra points after scoring 31 goals despite the fact that they have lost five matches out of 15.

Each team which scores three or more goals in one match has an extra point and since the average number of goals scored so far is just over three per match there is a distinct improvement in this direction. Last season the average was 2.76.

Only two clubs have failed to get a bonus point out of the 20 clubs in the division—Sedan who are bottom and Rennes who are second from bottom—so presumably the experiment is providing all the right answers.

DESPITE having a poor time of it in the Swiss League, Basle are doing well in Europe and their last round Champions Cup win over Bruges on a 7-6 aggregate was certainly an eye-catcher for the onlookers.

With Karl Odermatt commanding the midfield area effectively and the Peruvian international striker Teofilo Cubillas beginning to settle into the rhythm of European football, Basle could be one of the dark horses in the competition this season.

Australia's mascot, a huge kangaroo, is greeted with a laugh by striker Attila Abonyi before the first match against South Korea in Sydney.

Milestone for Moore at Wembley

THE England v Italy match at Wembley kicked-off five minutes later than advertised. And the reason was because of a pre-match row between Sir Alf Ramsey and the Italians. Italy named eight substitutes from whom three could be used at any time.

But when Sir Alf discovered that eight subs would be on the bench he said that this was not acceptable and that the Italians should cut down the number to the normal five and use any three from this number.

In the end after messages had been rushed between officials to each dressing room no agreement was reached and the referee, two linesmen and eventually the respective team managers Sir Alf and Ferruccio Valcareggi slogged it out verbally until Sir Alf had his way!

THE success of Eastern European countries in the World Cup so far with Bulgaria, East Germany and Poland already qualified for the finals is also reflected in the achievement of club sides in the three major European tournaments.

Spartak Trnava, Ujpest Dozsa and CSKA Sofia the conquerors of the mighty Ajax are still in the European Cup, Magdebourg and Beroe Stara Zagora remain in the Cup Winners Cup and the UEFA Cup representatives are Ruch Chorzow, Dynamo Tbilisi, Dynamo Kiev, Lokomotiv Leipzig and Honved.

SENOR Francisco Soeiro Marques Lobo, the referee who was in charge of the England v Italy game is rapidly becoming one of the most sought after officials in the European scene.

A technical engineer, he first came to prominence when he took charge of the Juventus v Derby County second leg semi-final European Cup tie last season and handled a difficult game very well.

He even proved he was no homer when he sent off Roger Davies the Derby centre forward. Lobo also handled the match at Roker Park between Sunderland and Vasas Budapest.

Now he seems one of the favourites for the big World Cup games in Munich next year.

FRANZ Beckenbauer equalled Uwe Seeler's record of 72 caps when he played against Scotland at Hampden Park recently. But for injury Wolfgang Overath the midfield player would also have achieved this milestone.

Now Emperor Franz is set to beat the record and go on possibly to establish himself as the first German to enter the 100 cap club. This exclusive set has nine members: Pele (110), Bobby Moore (108), Bobby Charlton (106), Billy Wright (105), Leonel Sanchez (104), Thorbjorn Svenssen (104), Djalma Santos (101), Jozsef Bozsik (100) and Gilmar (100)—the only goalkeeper among the list.

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

Luigi Riva poses a problem for the Swiss defence.

ITALY PUT OUT SWISS

SWITZERLAND, who have qualified for the World Cup finals on six occasions, the same as England, will not be travelling to Germany to fight for the world's greatest trophy, next summer. They muffed their chance as did England—by failing to win the two vital home matches, in their case against Italy and Turkey. The national team put up a brave show in Rome's Olympic stadium, before a crowd of 75,000 fanatical Italians, but slumped to a 0-2 defeat, which was not undeserved, yet could at least have been avoided.

The newly formed Swiss side surprised the Italians in the opening quarter with their unorthodox methods and quite an ingenious tactical deployment, but in the end their chronic weakness—lack of penetrating strikers—thwarted their gallant attempt. In addition, the Helvetians were clearly handicapped by a referee, who even according to neutral observers proved to be a typical "homer".

One gets increasingly bored with tiresome tirades against referees, which are so frequently launched from the losing camps nowadays. But even Switzerland's most respected commentators could not on this occasion ignore the antics of Senor Camacho Jimenez. He set the seal on his "allegiance" even before the first ball was kicked. During the toss up the Swiss captain Karl Odermatt called correctly "heads", but the ref quickly pocketed the coin, handed the ball to the Swiss and then asked Italy's skipper Facchetti which end of the pitch he would prefer to start from!

Sympathise

Since even Italian papers questioned some of this official's decisions, then one must sympathise with the Swiss who were badly treated. One of Italy's leading national papers, *La Stampa*, offered this choice comparison: "What the Belgian referee M. Loraux tried but failed to do for England against Poland at Wembley, Senor Camacho managed for Italy"!

The match itself began so promisingly for the Swiss, that only bad luck, plus bad shooting, saved the Italians from conceding an early shock goal. The Swiss had in fact three good chances right at the start, but failed to convert them. Who knows how the game would have developed, or indeed ended, had the "azzurri" been forced to make up a deficit.

In the event, a hotly disputed penalty gave the hosts the lead five minutes before half time, which in the context of the match proved to be the turning point. The referee did not see a foul by Facchetti on Blattler, he ignored an offside position of Riva, as Mazzola hit the ball into the net. But although he disallowed that goal, Senor Camacho dictated a penalty for an alleged foul on Riva instead!

Rivera scored, with Switzerland's keeper Deck just getting his fingers to the ball but in vain. Despite desperate efforts the Italians simply knew too much in the end. Riva's brilliantly headed goal from Causio's corner ten minutes from the end, merely wrapped up the proceedings. In the Swiss team which took the field with only one full time defender (!), the heroes were goalkeeper Deck, "libero" Vuilleumier, defender Hasler and midfield general Kuhn.

The Italians deserved their qualification, although it must be said that their football is almost like England's—largely antiquated! They gave the world the concept of a *libero*, but to them it has remained strictly a sweeper, the last man behind the back four in defence.

A *Libero*, like nearly all German or Dutch clubs are using today (modelled on Beckenbauer, Hulshoff or Blankenburg), has apparently not yet been developed in Italy. As for England, well here clearly no one has as yet heard of this position! Even those writers supposedly "in the know" seem to think that a *libero* is just a defensive sweeper-upper! But they perhaps look too much to Italy for their international soccer wisdom.

In the championship the Cup holders FC Zurich continue to set the pace. Their 3-1 victory on Basel's ground has helped them to throw back their most dangerous challengers. The champions simply can't get going this season. The acquisition of the exotic South American star forward Teofilio Cubillas from Peru is proving to be a costly experiment.

This ball artist is obviously not suited to the type of football played here and one shudders to think what will become of Cubillas when the Swiss start playing in freezing temperatures and on snowy, or icy pitches! Basel may well have been landed with an expensive liability in his case.

Zurich lost their Cup (they were winners in 1972 and 1973), when they fell sensationally at home to St. Gallen in the eights-finals by 2-3—after leading 2-0 at half time! But in the League the Konietzka boys remained unbeaten. Their chief rivals are surprisingly the newly promoted Xamax Neuchatel, who have only lost once and boast the best defensive record with only six goals conceded in eight matches.

But Basel dropped to 9th place and with nine points in arrears on the leader FCZ, it is difficult to see how they can hang on to their crown.

POWER GAME IS SLIPPING

News from Hungary

by LESLIE VERNON

FOOTBALL — "Hungary-style" — is coming back into fashion, and there is a fresh air of buoyancy in-and-around Budapest. The chief flag-bearers of the power game, England, and English clubs, are going through a sticky patch, so the incurable romantics of Central Europe argue that after all there is no substitute for pure skill.

The reasons behind this rather Utopian optimism are the good showing of the Hungarian teams in international competitions, and the unexpected vigour of the domestic league. The icing on the cake is, of course, the majestic progress of Ujpest Dozsa in the Champions Cup. Following a meritorious draw in Lisbon, when even the Portuguese Press admitted that the visitors were nearer to victory, the lilac-and-whites summarily dismissed Benfica from the top tournament in Europe.

High-scoring

The "Eagles" are not so high-flying these days as in their glorious era in the 60's, but the name of Benfica still has a certain magic. Beating them in a competition they obviously aim to do well in, is a feather in any team's cap.

Bene and Kolar got the goals—2-0, the same lead that was achieved against Juventus in that fatal semi-final last season. But this time, the defence held firm and the Eusebio - Simoes - Jordao striking-force couldn't even get a consolation goal.

Honved reached the last 16 in the UEFA Cup through a high-scoring double over Lokomotiv Plovdiv: 4-3 in Bulgaria and 3-2 in Kispest after the army team were leading 3-0 and heading towards a comfortable victory. Miklos Kozma scored twice in both games, adding to his tally of 13 league goals.

Uninvolved

This 24-years old forward is coming to the fore again after an indifferent spell. He was first capped in a World Cup match in Dublin in 1969, and I well remember how cooly he accepted the honour.

His apparent lack of nerves makes him look rather taciturn and uninvolved when it comes to close contact in the penalty-box, but he has a fine shot, an excellent turn of speed, and is equally efficient on either wing or in the middle of the attack.

Prior to these euphoric victories, Hungary played Denmark in Copenhagen and, one is forced to say, inevitably got a draw. The national team haven't won a match since May 1972 and haven't lost many either. Stalemate followed stalemate, whether the opposition was Austria at home, Yugoslavia away, or even the poor Danes in their own backyard.

While the Hungarians prepared for these friendlies with their usual meticulous care (a series of practice matches against inferior opposition, no competitive football before, after, or instead etc.) the Danish squad met a day before the match, had a couple of beers together, and nearly beat the once-famous Magyars.

"A bunch of amateurs out-played the professionals," was how one Budapest paper put it, without leaving any doubt as to the identity of who the real "pros" were. In the absence of the injured Pancsics, the off-form Kovacs of Videoton played centre-back, with young Horvath of Dozsa alongside him as sweeper. Balint was asked to play left full-back, and Laszlo Nagy who is a good defender at outside left.

Defensive

Team manager Illovszky realised his tactical error, and brought in Kozma instead of Balint in the 62nd minute, thus switching Nagy into a defensive position. Both Hungarian goals were scored by Laszlo Fazekas while H. Jensen and Steendahl netted for the hosts in a 2-2 draw.

There were an army of observers representing rich foreign clubs at the match, watching the young Hvidovre striker Aabech, but he didn't have a particularly good game.

Irrespective of possible European championship commitments, the national team's programme for 1974 has been arranged, and it includes a visit to Frankfurt shortly before the World Cup Finals. The full fixture list is:

March 31 v Bulgaria (h).
April 17 v W. Germany (a).
May 15 v USSR (h).
May 29 v Yugoslavia (h).
September 25 v Austria (a).
October 13 v Czechoslovakia (h).
November 10 v Bulgaria (a).

Dozsa put all their eggs into the European basket, and their championship aspirations took a severe knock. First they lost to Ferencvaros 2-1 in their own stadium, and then went down at Videoton 3-2. The Fradi players, having got rid of coach Csanadi, played their green-and-white hearts out against Dozsa, and the new man in charge, ex-player of the club, Jeno Dalnoki was delighted with their effort. Branikovits, resurrected from obscurity, got two brilliant goals and was the "man of the match".

Struggling

A 5-1 win against a struggling Egyetertes put Ferencvaros level on points with Dozsa, and are behind the leading pair Raba and Honved. The Provincials from Gyor led the field for one round, but the responsibility proved too much, and they lost their next match 2-0 at Pecs. Honved are playing consistently well, and now, for the first time in five years, the championship is wide open. A happy state of affairs which brought crowds flocking back to the grounds.

After eleven rounds of league football, the attendance aggregate figures are higher than they were at the end of the autumn season 1972. And if the standard of football is no better than mediocre, who cares? Only those toffee-nosed sportswriters are complaining and criticising non-stop.

Well, I suppose they have also got to make a living . . .

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SAD EXIT

PORTUGAL

EXIT from the World Cup came when Portugal failed to beat Bulgaria in Lisbon. A 2-2 draw was not enough and though theoretically the Portuguese could still have got through, it was an inevitably sad conclusion that for the second successive occasion, the home country had not been good enough to reach the last sixteen.

Simoes put Portugal ahead but two goals from Bonev put the visitors ahead until a last minute face saver from Quaresma squared the game. Eusebio went off injured after half an hour and the experiment of recalling 35 year old Jose Torres up front was not a success, though injuries made selection a problem for Jose Augusto.

The European competitions still have two representatives with Sporting in the Cup Winners Cup overcoming Sunderland and Vitoria Setubal succeeding rather fortunately in the UEFA Cup against RWD Molenbeek from Belgium.

At home a Vicente goal gave Setubal a slender lead and with a minute to go in the away leg they were trailing 2-1 on aggregate before Vicente popped up again with a last gasp goal which put the Portuguese through on the away goals rule.

Benefica, who have not been over brilliant of late, lost to Ujpest Dozsa on a 3-1 aggregate in the European Cup after two goals in three minutes by the Hungarians in the leg in Budapest. The club has been searching for a new manager and Miljan Miljanic the Red Star Belgrade boss is the likely successor to Jimmy Hagan.

The championship is developing into a three horse race with Setubal leading two points clear of Sporting and Benfica third another two points further away.

Leading scorer is the Argentinian ex-international centre forward Hector Yazalde with 19 goals boosted when he hit six of the eight against Montijo. Setubal are unbeaten and the Brazilian Duda is making things spark up front for them.

Correia Arthur of Portugal and Dave Clements of Northern Ireland.

Belgium fail to boost average

BELGIUM

Van Moer's proneness to injury resulted in his manager Vladko Markovic sending him to Prague to see the Yugoslavian national team doctor who announced that there was nothing seriously wrong with the leg he fractured in two places last year.

RWD are going well in the championship, unbeaten after nine matches with four draws among them. But Anderlecht with 24 goals to their credit are chasing them now. Paul Van Himst celebrated his 400th League game for Anderlecht in a 5-1 win over Beringen and Hungarian striker Attila Ladinsky hit a hat-trick at Berchem for them too.

On a literary note the RWD Captain Kresten Bjerre the 27 year old Dane is writing his autobiography called "The Blond General" and if the club win the title this season it will certainly help boost sales.

CURIOUS RESULT

CURIOUS results for the national side came when they were well beaten 6-0 by the Belgium "B" team, in a match described by veteran Antwerp sweeper Louis Pilot (33) as the "worst team we have put out in 15 years" but followed by a 2-1 win over Norway!

The victory against Norway was all the more praiseworthy because the opposition fielded virtually the same side which kept Belgium's first team to two penalties in a World Cup qualifying match. Luxembourg had virtually the same side on duty again —though Pilot was a notable absentee . . .

In the championship Jeunesse Esch the title holders are still top having dropped only one point and show no sign yet of collapsing.

FAILURE to improve their goal difference against Norway made Belgium's hopes of getting into the World Cup finals forlorn in view of the superior goal tally of the Dutch. The Norwegians were only overcome by two penalties though in fairness injuries robbed team manager Raymond Goethals of any real chance beforehand.

Curiously enough, however, the experimental "B" side earlier beat Luxembourg 6-0 and the team from the Grand Duchy then beat Norway 2-1!

In Europe, Bruges lost on a 7-6 aggregate to Basel despite a hat-trick away by Raoul Lambert. RWD Molenbeek lost their first competitive match of the season to Setubal in the UEFA Cup and eventually the tie when the Portuguese equalised on aggregate in the last minute of the second leg. But Standard are still in the UEFA Cup after getting through against Universitatea Craiova.

But Standard are otherwise slipping badly, losing at home to RWD 2-0 and generally having a depressing time. Wilfried

RED STAR GAIN HIGH PRAISE...

An interview with Miljan Miljanic

by MAX MARQUIS

Vladimir Petrovic, the 18-year-old outside-left of Red Star.

WHEN Red Star of Belgrade played the second leg of the European Cup tie at Liverpool, there was more than the result of the round at stake. If Red Star had been knocked out of the competition, it could also have meant the bottom being knocked out of Red Star, for the Jugoslav champions by demi-divine right for so long are having a lean time of it, relatively speaking.

Lack of success in Europe might well have led to the gradual disintegration of the club, with the departure of key players—and, more disastrously, of their manager, Miljan Miljanic, who has been with the club for 28 years. Before the tie Miljanic was already considering an offer from Benfica.

The future of Red Star is still uncertain, for their League form remains strangely uneven. In their first game after the Liverpool triumph, Red Star was solidly beaten 3-0 by Celnik, called rather patronisingly by one Jugoslav commentator, "a little provincial team," despite the fact that Celnik are second in the table at the time of writing.

Regular

However, seven regular first-team Red Star players of international or near-international class are in the army at the moment.

Red Star surprised, and delighted, English spectators and televiewers with their enterprising and skilful football. (Red Star were probably surprised and delighted by the fairness and size of the crowd—more than 41,000. They have sometimes played in front of 3,000).

Red Star's success at Anfield, coming between England's calamitous draw with Poland and depressing defeat against Italy, underlined what a tiny minority have been trying to make heard for some time: that again we have a lot to learn from the Continent—from men like, for example, Miljanic.

Red Star, left to right: Jankovic, Lazarevic, Dojcinovski, Panojovic, Baralid, Mihajlovic, Radovic, Jovanovic, Racic, Dordjevic, Krivokuca, Drobnjak, Keri, Petrovic (O.), Antonijevic, Pavlovic.

After the Liverpool game Miljanic declared loudly that Shankly was his professor, but the not inconsiderable effects of euphoria and Miljanic's natural volubility must not be forgotten. It's true that Miljanic did learn from Shankly, but mainly in the field of organisation; and anyway, Liverpool was only one of Miljanic's academies.

Miljan Miljanic is 43, thickset and dark, with more than a passing resemblance to Nereo Rocco, the former A.C. Milan coach. He is nearly as voluble as Brian Clough, without being as controversial, but has the advantage of being irrepressibly talkative in several languages, including English, Spanish and French.

However, his reputation (like Clough's) is built on a rock of achievement, not on a sea of words—even if, as one reporter observed, trying to get a word in edgeways when Miljanic is in full flood is like trying to paddle a canoe up Niagara.

Manager

He joined Red Star as a boy of 15, and served the club as player, secretary, and coach, becoming manager of the first team in 1965. But before presuming to teach, he set out to learn. He studied the game in Russia, England, Germany, Italy and Brazil. About every game, every team, every player he saw he made copious notes, to build up perhaps the best private records in the game.

He needed every advantage when he finally took over the Red Star first team: he inherited 37 players but no team. The club's best players had all been lured away to foreign clubs: a whole generation of footballers had just evaporated.

So, Miljanic made a virtue of necessity and decided to build a new team from scratch, developing the junior players. Of his present side, only Dojcinovski was brought in from outside.

Training is a highly specialised affair. Five of the club's twelve (!) coaches concentrate on the first-team pool of 22. They are split into groups: goalkeepers, defenders, midfield players, strikers and—significantly—wingers. Kostic, Red Star's former winger and number one goalscorer coaches the strikers. So, Miljanic does not believe in "a" coach, but in a group of skilled technicians.

As for the manager, he has a daunting four-fold task: to create players, to create a team, to create a style of play, and to "create" results.

The trouble is, Miljanic says, it takes five or six years to develop a player properly. Most managers don't have that much time and that much security. Results have to be as instant as coffee. So, youngsters are 'forced'—always a debilitating growth. The quality and length of their careers are diminished.

Miljanic is a great admirer of the 1972 West Germany and Ajax. (Who isn't?) The lesson to be learnt from those teams?

"The great thing is that the man with the ball should have a choice of five or six things to do with it, which means that everyone in the team must be ready to attack as well as defend."

This is not contradictory to the concept of highly individual small-group training. Ideally the players should be all-rounders with an *extra* specialised talent.

Miljanic's basic philosophy is that football should be enjoyable: a pleasure to play and to watch on any part of the pitch. (To enjoy watching some English a high degree of masochism and a high threshold of boredom is essential.) Modern man has little enough time to play football himself, and to relax; so he goes to a match for enjoyment. The club should not fail him.

"To be artistic, and nothing but artistic on a football field is probably unrealistic," declares Miljanic.

"But we should try."

Amen to that.

Red Star captain Miroslav Pavlovic with Liverpool skipper Tommy Smith.

Sweden record goes

UNBEATEN for two years, Sweden accepted a late invitation to meet Italy in Milan in a match that was supposed to solve some of Feruccio Valcareggi's problems.

Efficient, effective, difficult to beat, these briefly summarise all one needs to know about the present Italian squad. Like the bulk of the other teams hoping for the supreme honour next year the Italians rely on a defence that it is very difficult to score against, the craft of Gianni Rivera and exceptionally gifted forwards who can make goals out of nothing.

During the first fifteen minutes Rivera promised to bring the game to life but after that he faded and the game settled into a midfield battle from which the Swedes were rarely able to break out. When Edstrom, Sandberg & Co did put the pressure on Burgnich revealed himself to be the uncompromising, physical stopper he always was, having lost none of his powers.

Benetti and Capello alongside an uninspired Rivera looked quite ordinary but apart from Jan Olsson, Nordquist and Hellstrom the Swedes offered little and were beaten for the first time in two years.

In the second half the Swedes appeared unable to sustain the rhythm of their game and they capitulated with two goals in five minutes. The goals both came from Pietro Anastasi who produced a superb individualistic goal on the hour and it was his shot that the Swedish 'keeper stopped but couldn't hold and Riva following up scored his 34th goal for Italy, which beats the previous best (Meazza the star of 1934 and 1938) total of 33. If this game is to be remembered at all it will probably be regarded as Riva's day.

Italy 2 Sweden 0
West Germany 4 Austria 0
Albania 1 Finland 0
Holland 1 Poland 1
Portugal 2 Bulgaria 2
West Germany 2 France 1
Rumania 9 Finland 0
Denmark 2 Hungary 2
East Germany 0 Soviet Union 0
Czechoslovakia 1 Scotland 0
Italy 2 Switzerland 0
Yugoslavia 0 Spain 0
Belgium 2 Norway 0
Albania 1 East Germany 4

Poles gain draw

A SPARSE crowd spread around the Feyenoord stadium in Rotterdam saw two sides go through the motions in their final run out before critical World Cup encounters.

The Poles began brightly, matching the Dutch for skill despite the presence of six (if one includes Cruyff) Ajax players. The Dutch won a steady stream of corners while the Poles produced some neat controlled football but it was Holland who scored first.

Neeskens and Cruyff combined to set up a chance for De Jong sprinting from midfield to score after 33 minutes.

Kazimierz Deyna stood out for Poland and in an atmosphere where biting tackles were absent all his skills came out. It was he who scored a fine goal to equalise just before the break. Receiving a pass from Gadocha, Deyna controlled the ball and feinted to move left, sending Schneider the wrong way and having made a shooting angle for himself hit the ball hard and low past Van Beveren.

The Dutch made three substitutions at the interval, weakening their team and clearly just giving young reserves a run out. Early in the second half Cruyff also departed for no apparent reason and the game finally died to the great displeasure of the fans. Both sides showed early on that they could play but with nothing at stake few players seemed disposed to put themselves out or risk injury.

Muller got two of the goals though the Austrians kept the score sheet blank for half an hour. Indeed it was on the stroke of half time that Wolfgang Weber, stopper in the 1966 World Cup final and recently recalled, moved upfield to score the German's second.

Helmut Kremers, brother of left winger Erwin, came on for his first cap as a substitute for Kapellmann at right back after ten minutes and did well but Flohe and Overath in midfield, despite their industry and individual abilities never really oiled the German machine as Netzer and Wimmer were doing 18 months ago.

On the wings Grabowski and Erwin Kremers created problems for the Austrian rearguard but if Kremers is quick and Grabowski is penetrative, neither player is direct enough. Their primary purpose appears to be to make runs with the ball and pull defenders out to the flanks before crossing the ball for Muller. One wonders how the Germans will fare on a day when Muller is off-key or unavailable.

After only five minutes in the second half Muller got his second goal and at that point the Austrians might have cracked. That they didn't was largely due to the promptings of Franz Hasil and Hof II, while Rettensteiner in goal was also a big improvement on Koncilia. However, Erwin Kremers rounded off the evening with a goal ten minutes from time.

Austrian changes

FOLLOWING the 7-0 humiliation against England at Wembley Austrian boss Leopold Stastny was forced to make changes for the visit to West Germany. In fact he shuffled his side almost completely with only Schmidradner, Kreuz and the 18 years old Krankl retaining their places.

Soundly beaten 4-0, the scoreline could in fact have been greater though the Austrians showed a great deal more resistance than they had at Wembley. The Germans had little to prove—as England had—beyond convincing Helmut Schon that they were number one choices but despite their organisational problems they still had a great deal in hand.

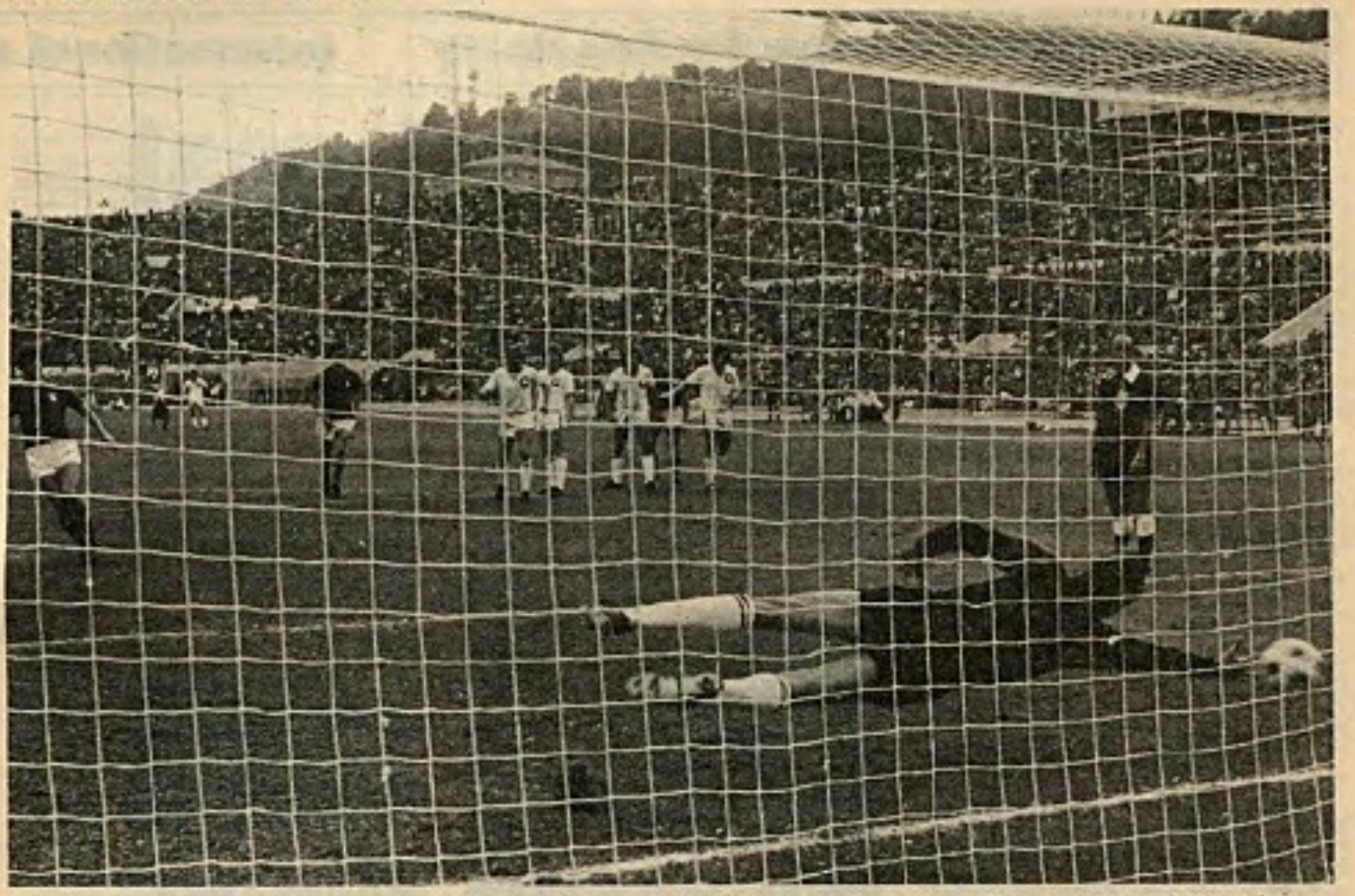
Rare victory

AT home in Tirana at the Kemal Pasha stadium, the Albanians recorded a rare victory and earned revenge for a defeat away to Finland. Braho and Hoxha, the Albanian inside forwards, were the most accomplished players afield though Finnish 'keeper Alaja gave a good account of himself. The home side had the better of the play and the best chance of the game fell to Braho, who failed to score from six yards.

After 26 minutes Braho was through and in a good position to score when he was fouled by Mekkinen and the Italian referee awarded a penalty. Ragani, the Albanian captain, converted the kick and thereafter neither side was really able to create anything positive.

In midfield the Finns put together some good moves but invariably their attacks broke down before they could penetrate the Albanian penalty area.

International review by Eric Batty **International rev**



Rivera scores from the penalty spot for Italy in their World Cup-tie against Switzerland. This is what the photographers, as shown on page 26, were looking at.

Portugal go out

PORTUGAL needed a three goal win to give themselves a chance of staying in the World Cup race at home to group leaders Bulgaria. With the Benfica centre forwards Artur Jorge and Vitor Baptista both unfit, team manager Jose Augusto recalled 35 years old former Benfica (and now Vitoria Setubal) leader Jose Torres.

The Portuguese were expected to attack from the start with nothing to lose but the Bulgarian defence withstood early pressure. Eusebio, who began the match still suffering from an old injury, was replaced by Jordao after half an hour and for a while he brought the Portuguese attack to life. However, in the first half, Jose Henrique had more anxious moments than did his counterpart Goranov in the Bulgarian goal.

Three minutes into the second half Portugal went ahead with a headed goal from Simoes, who put away a good cross from Nene. For a few minutes the Portuguese looked as if they believed in themselves but six minutes after the opening goal Christo Bonev, the best player afield took a hand.

Receiving the ball in his own half he set off on a swerving feinting run that took him past three opponents before he let fly with a shot that Henrique could not even touch. This goal seemed to take the heart out of the Portuguese and during the last half hour they played without inspiration or belief.

Around the hour Bulgaria were well on top and at the 65th minute they went ahead. A good move began on the right, was carried on by Denev, whose pass gave Bonev a shooting chance that was promptly accepted. The rest was a mere formality though in the last minute Quaresma, who came on to replace Simoes, scored a consolation goal but Portugal were by then virtually eliminated.

French surprise

FRENCH fans generally expected their team to follow Austria to the slaughter and were agreeably surprised by the reorganised team being put together by former Ajax boss Stefan Kovacs. Given a little luck the French survived a first half that could have brought several German goals with Overath and Muller failing to take the best chances.

Tresor did well for France while Chiesa and Bereta tried manfully to get the French attack going. But if the Germans had under-estimated the French they came to life to give a spirited display at the start of the second half.

Franz Beckenbauer produced perhaps his best performance for West Germany this year, re-producing something like his best form and frequently demonstrating his class. Unfortunately he had a hand in France's goal eight minutes from the end when a shot from Tresor was deflected off him past Kleff.

By that time, however, Muller had eased Germany into a two goal lead. Ten minutes into the second half a cross from Hoeness found Muller magically alone on the six yard line to score easily with his head.

Four minutes later, Muller again had broken through this time with the ball on the ground. Muller had flicked the ball past Adams and was felled trying to follow it. The Swiss referee had no hesitation, putting the ball on the spot for Muller to send Baratelli the wrong way and score with a side foot shot.

iew by Eric Batty International review by Eric Batty

International review by Eric Batty **International rev**

Streich's vital goal

A FRIENDLY match in Leipzig, hastily arranged, gave East Germany their chance to record a first ever victory over the Soviet Union. An early goal by the Rostock striker Joachim Streich was enough to beat a Russian squad, that according to East German commentators, was without any clear tactical conception.

East Germany were without four regulars —Croy, Sammer, Kreische and Peter Ducke —while the Russians were at full strength, assuming that Pilgui was preferred to Rudakov in goal. It cannot be said that this was an experimental Russian squad either. Kaplitschny, the sweeper and captain, was earning his 60th cap and four others have around 40 caps to their credit.

The Russian problems appear to be in midfield and in attack where Onitschenko, Fedotov and the much boosted Blokhin contrived 14 scoring attempts without finding the target.

Strangely, the second half substitutions by Russian manager Jevguenij Gorianski suggest that he did not feel the front players were responsible. Kaplitschny, and the midfield stars Muntjan and Kolotov, were all replaced though without visibly improving the Russian performance.

This was the fifth successive game (four of them in Moscow) in which the Russians had failed to score. Four defeats and a draw from these matches is perhaps inevitable and the last goal scored, significantly, was against England (when they lost 2-1) ... from a penalty.

Nehoda penalty

WITH nothing at stake following the Scottish victory at Hampden, both sides made changes. The Czechs fielded two genuine wingers with Slavia's Frantisek Vesely recalled after a lengthy absence on the right and Jan Capkovic, who promised a great deal two years ago, restored to the left wing.

Scotland made changes too, mostly on defence but a crowd of only 15,000 underlined the formal nature of the occasion.

The only goal was scored after 17 minutes when the German referee penalised Forsyth and Nehoda sent Harvey the wrong way to score from the spot. Significantly neither Vesely nor Capkovic gave satisfaction for both were replaced during the second half while for Scotland perhaps the most important thing was to avoid disciplinary action which could have entailed suspension for the official World Cup games in the competition proper.

Karl Odermatt, captain of Switzerland.

MATHEMATICALLY the Swiss were still in with a chance of qualifying for the World Cup before their visit to Rome but the calculators overlooked the influence of catenaccio.

Yet the Italians were as reluctant as ever to throw players forward and the Swiss were able to show their skills in midfield. If the Swiss were understandably cautious it seemed the Italians were under orders to take no chances at all and the game finally turned on a very debatable penalty decision by the referee.

Early on, particularly during the first 20 minutes, the Swiss might have taken command. The Italians appeared nervous under pressure and only after they had gone ahead did they acquire a solid, confident appearance. Early on the Swiss gave as good as they got but one or two half chances that might have been were rejected and finally the game settled into a midfield battle.

The vital World Cup points were won and lost in the 39th minute when Riva chased a through ball pursued by Swiss defender Schild. The referee blew—some Italian players thinking for offside against Riva and Mazzola handed the ball to the Swiss 'keeper. Then it was realised the referee was pointing to the spot. Schild got the "credit" though even the Italian press protested that Riva would have been more adequately rewarded had he been given an Oscar.

However, penalty it was and Rivera put it away without fuss five minutes before the break. From then on the Swiss went through the motions with Odermatt their chief engineer but never really convinced. The Italians had one or two anxious moments, while Mazzola appeared unsure whether he was meant to play like a right winger or his natural game.

Even the departure of Rivera, who needed stitches in a cut leg did nothing to improve Swiss hopes. With Causio replacing him in midfield and Burgnich and Facchetti in no mood to let anyone by, the game finally died when Riva got Italy's second goal with a header ten minutes from the end.

Spain draw

SPAIN and Yugoslavia met in Zagreb in a match which if it had produced a winner would probably have meant qualification. But Spain, re-organised, re-built and given a previously unknown enthusiasm in the national team by Ladislav Kubala came determined not to lose. With the Yugoslavs depleted by injury and apparently terribly affected by nervous tension, Spain's task was probably easier than Kubala thought.

For the neutral spectator, the match was a disappointment, for Yugoslavia a near disaster and for Spain and Kubala almost a triumph. Though the Yugoslavs held a firm territorial advantage throughout the first half it was difficult to judge to what extent this was due to the direction of Acimovic and how much the Spaniards were responsible by being reluctant to give anything away.

Stepanovic, Holcer and, worst of all, Dzajic were all absent through injury and Krivokuca was clearly only half fit at best. He made two dreadful errors that could have been turned into goals for Spain; one being thwarted by a magnificent save from Maric the other being rejected by Spain.

In the second half more was seen of the Spanish spearheads though still only counter-attacking. Bajevic was clearly out of touch; Bjekovic, Jerkovic and Oblak all disappointing. Though built for defence the Spaniards rearguard looked the more formidable though if both goalkeepers, Iribar and Maric had little to do they both performed creditably when called on.

For all their pressure and domination of the ball the Yugoslavs rarely threatened and on the few occasions they did Iribar was

iew by Eric Batty

International review by Eric Batty

equal to it all. The best chances were created at the other end after bouts of Yugoslav interpassing—too square and generally too slow—broke down.

Valdez, on the left wing for Spain, had a fine match, turning the hapless Krivokuca round several times and hit a great second half left foot volley that deserved a goal. That effort and another from Claramunt from Valdez's free kick were magnificently saved by Maric who also came out well to block a shot from Roberto Martinez when he might have scored. Maric was beaten only once—when Claramunt's cross found the head of Martinez—but Maric was saved by a post.

The Yugoslavs best chance was laid on by Bajevic, a ball that gave Acimovic a clear shot at the Spanish goal but he shot over.

Belgium pressed

ALTHOUGH this was no real test for the confrontation with Holland, which will decide the outcome of their World Cup tussle, the Belgians were hard pressed to collect the points they needed to keep their hopes alive.

A combination of resolute defence by the Norwegians and a string of injuries which depleted the Goethals squad prevented this game from becoming a rout.

Goalkeeper Christian Piot nursed a broken finger, Raoul Lambert was only half fit and others ruled out included experienced internationals Heylens, Van den Daele, Thissen, Polleunis and Van Moer. Perhaps even more important, Semmeling had just recovered from injury and was not match fit and the front three Raymond Goethals produced, Francois Janssens, Van Herp and Jean Janses all lacked experience and class.

Belgium had more of the play, with Van Himst the outstanding figure, ably abetted by Dockx who invariably reserves his best performances for international duty. Clearly, however, though the Belgium first XI can be a formidable combination, this match served to confirm that Goethals reserve strength is bare indeed and very limited.

Their hopes were kept alive with two penalty goals, one in each half. With Van Himst declining to take penalties for some time now, the first after 34 minutes was converted by left back Dolmans. Then at the interval Lambert was brought on at centre forward and three minutes from time the Czech referee again pointed to the spot for the Bruges star to score.

DDR book passage

THE steady improvement in the East German game has borne fruit in recent weeks both in European competitions and in the World Cup. In the latter the DDR had to beat Albania in Tirana to qualify at the fifth attempt and team manager Georg Buschner took no chances by fielding a team built to get goals.

With their top star Hans-Jurgen Kreische ruled out following a cartilage operation, Henning Frenzel was retained for his 54th cap and up front were Streich, Peter Ducke, Sparwasser and Lowe.

With Jurgen Croy taking over in goal from Blochwitz (Carl Zeiss) the team was very largely provided by FC Carl Zeiss (four men) and 1st FC Lokomotive Leipzig (three) playing a 4-2-4 formation. Joachim Streich gave East Germany an early boost with a fifth minute goal but the Germans then became nervous and the quality of play suffered.

The tension became even greater when right back Ghika moved up to score an equaliser for Albania ten minutes later and it was not until well into the second half that the Germans really took control and began to breathe easy.

Cautious

Ten minutes before the break Streich again gave East Germany the lead but it was 20 minutes into the second half before Wolfram Lowe stretched the Germans' lead to two goals. A few minutes later Buschner went a little cautious, replacing Frenzel by the hard-working Stein.

By this time the Germans were playing confidently and stringing their passes together well and late in the game Jurgen Sparwasser put the result beyond doubt at 4-1.

For next year, the return of Kreische can be expected and probably the next few months will give Herr Buschner the chance to blood some of his Dynamo Dresden colleagues. If East Germany have any serious doubts they are about the veterans, Ducke, Frenzel and Vogel (who came on as a substitute) and are all the wrong side of thirty already.

● Continued on page 47

Ruben Ayala (left), Argentina's leading scorer in the World Cup rounds, nets against Paraguay with goalkeeper Almeida helpless.

LEAGUE TABLES

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Olympiakos Piraeus	**8**	**5**	**3**	**0**	**23**	**3**	**13**
Panathinaikos	8	5	3	0	16	3	13
Aris Salonika	8	6	1	1	10	2	13
AEK Athens	8	6	0	2	22	7	12
PAOK Salonika	8	5	2	1	19	10	12
Panachaiki	8	5	1	2	13	7	11
Panionios	8	5	1	2	12	8	11
Larissa	8	3	2	3	6	6	8
Iraklis	8	1	4	3	8	12	6
Ethnikos	8	2	2	4	7	12	6
Apollon Athens	8	1	4	3	4	13	6
Panseraikos	8	2	2	4	7	17	6
Aigaleo	8	2	2	4	6	16	6
Kavala	8	2	1	5	10	14	5
Fostir	8	1	3	4	6	15	5
Apollon Salonika	8	1	2	5	6	15	4
Olympiakos Volos	8	1	2	5	5	14	4
Apoel	8	1	1	6	9	15	3

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ajax Amsterdam	**12**	**8**	**4**	**0**	**36**	**11**	**20**
Feyenoord	12	8	2	2	35	17	18
Twente	12	7	4	1	22	10	18
PSV Eindhoven	12	7	3	2	40	12	17
Amsterdam	12	5	5	2	19	15	15
AZ 67	11	4	5	2	14	11	13
Den Haag	12	5	2	5	17	16	12
Telstar	12	3	6	3	16	17	12
Utrecht	12	6	0	6	18	22	12
Sparta	11	4	4	3	11	15	12
Go Ahead	12	4	3	5	19	27	11
Haarlem	12	3	3	6	13	21	9
MVV	12	3	3	6	14	26	9
NEC	12	2	4	6	10	13	8
Groningen	12	3	2	7	17	26	8
NAC Breda	12	2	3	7	20	33	7
De Graafschap	12	1	5	6	13	29	7
Roda JC	12	1	4	7	8	21	6

Luigi Riva in action for Italy against Switzerland.

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Radnicki	**13**	**8**	**2**	**3**	**15**	**12**	**18**
Celik	13	6	5	2	14	6	17
Hajduk Split	13	6	4	3	23	14	16
Dinamo Zagreb	13	7	2	4	18	12	16
OFK Belgrade	13	5	4	4	14	14	14
Olimpija	13	5	4	4	19	20	14
Red Star Belgrade	13	5	3	5	24	18	13
Velez	13	5	3	5	20	17	13
Partizan	13	4	5	4	12	12	13
Proleter	13	5	3	5	13	14	13
Bor	13	6	1	6	19	22	13
Vardar	13	6	0	7	18	18	12
Borac	13	2	7	4	15	16	11
Zeljeznicar	13	4	3	6	12	13	11
Sloboda	13	3	5	5	16	20	11
Sarajevo	13	4	3	6	10	17	11
Vojvodina	13	2	5	6	10	15	9
NK Zagreb	13	3	3	7	10	22	9

POLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ruch Chorzow	**10**	**6**	**3**	**1**	**24**	**10**	**15**
Wisla	11	6	3	2	18	10	15
Gornik	11	6	2	3	18	9	14
Stal Mielec	10	4	5	1	10	7	13
Legia	11	5	3	3	12	7	13
LKS Lodz	10	5	2	3	11	6	12
Slask	11	4	3	4	10	11	11
Lech	10	2	6	2	6	6	10
Gwardia	11	3	4	4	12	11	10
Szombierki	11	2	6	3	13	13	10
Odra	11	2	6	3	10	13	10
ROW Rybnik	11	3	4	4	8	12	10
Polonia	12	2	6	4	10	17	10
Zaglebie Walbrzych	12	3	3	6	7	13	9
Pogon	11	2	5	4	9	16	9
Zaglebie Sosnowiec	11	1	1	9	2	19	3

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Uni Cralova	**13**	**9**	**3**	**1**	**28**	**13**	**21**
Constanta	13	8	2	3	22	11	18
CSM Resita	13	5	5	3	22	16	15
Steaua	13	6	2	5	18	14	14
Uni Cluj	13	6	2	5	13	10	14
Arges	13	6	2	5	21	20	14
Dinamo Bucharest	13	6	2	5	18	17	14
Sportul Studentesc	13	6	1	6	20	15	13
Steagul Rosu	13	5	3	5	12	11	13
Jiul	13	5	2	6	17	14	12
Poli Timisoara	13	4	4	5	11	13	12
CFR Cluj	13	5	2	6	17	26	12
AS Armata	13	5	2	6	16	25	12
Poli Iassi	13	5	1	7	11	17	11
Rapid	13	4	3	6	14	17	11
UT Arad	13	5	1	7	13	19	11
SC Bacau	13	4	1	8	15	22	9
Petrolul	13	3	2	8	12	20	8

LUXEMBOURG

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Jeunesse D'Esch	**8**	**7**	**1**	**0**	**21**	**5**	**15**
Red Boys	8	6	0	2	15	7	12
Avenir	8	5	1	2	22	10	11
Spora	8	5	1	2	19	8	11
Red Star	8	4	1	3	12	10	9
Aris	8	3	2	3	12	10	8
Fola	8	3	2	3	15	15	8
US Rumelange	8	2	2	4	9	18	6
Union	8	2	1	5	9	15	5
Etzella	8	2	1	5	10	18	5
Stade	8	1	1	6	8	16	3
The National	8	1	1	6	5	25	3

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
RWD Molenbeek	**9**	**5**	**4**	**0**	**18**	**6**	**14**
Anderlecht	9	6	1	2	24	11	13
FC Bruges	9	4	3	2	16	8	11
FC Liege	9	4	3	2	19	13	11
FC Malinois	9	4	3	2	13	9	11
Beveren-Waas	9	3	5	1	11	7	11
Waregem	9	4	3	2	14	16	11
Standard	9	4	2	3	10	9	10
Antwerp	9	3	3	3	10	8	9
Lierse	9	2	4	3	10	14	8
CS Bruges	9	2	3	4	12	14	7
St Trond	9	1	5	3	8	12	7
Berchem	9	2	2	5	9	20	6
Beringen	9	2	2	5	6	17	6
Diest	9	1	3	5	12	16	5
Beerschot	9	0	4	5	7	19	4

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Eintracht Frankfurt	**15**	**9**	**4**	**2**	**33**	**24**	**22**
Borussia Moenchengladbach	15	9	3	3	38	25	21
Bayern Munich	15	8	4	3	42	29	20
Hertha Berlin	15	5	7	3	26	23	17
Kaiserslautern	15	6	4	3	35	33	16
FC Cologne	15	5	6	4	25	27	16
Kickers Offenbach	14	6	3	5	28	25	15
Fortuna Dusseldorf	14	5	5	4	25	23	15
VfB Stuttgart	15	6	3	6	32	24	15
Wuppertaler SV	15	5	5	5	22	21	15
VfL Bochum	14	4	6	4	16	19	14
Werder Bremen	15	4	6	5	20	24	14
Rot-Weiss Essen	15	5	4	6	28	33	14
Schalke 04	15	5	3	7	29	36	13
Hamburger SV	14	5	2	7	22	25	12
Fortuna Cologne	15	2	7	6	21	29	11
Hannover	15	3	3	9	26	34	9
MSV Duisburg	15	2	3	10	16	30	7

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Leeds United	**15**	**11**	**4**	**0**	**29**	**8**	**26**
Burnley	15	7	6	2	23	14	20
Newcastle	15	8	3	4	24	15	19
Liverpool	15	8	3	4	16	11	19
Everton	15	7	5	3	18	13	19
Ipswich	15	7	5	3	25	20	19
Q.P.R.	15	6	6	3	26	19	18
Derby	16	7	4	5	19	16	18
Southampton	15	6	5	4	21	20	17
Leicester	15	4	7	4	15	15	15
Coventry	16	6	3	7	14	17	15
Sheffield United	15	5	4	6	18	19	14
Manchester City	15	5	4	6	16	18	14
Tottenham	15	5	4	6	17	20	14
Arsenal	15	6	2	7	16	20	14
Chelsea	15	5	3	7	24	22	13
Stoke City	15	3	6	6	17	18	12
Manchester Utd	15	4	4	7	13	17	12
Norwich	15	2	6	7	11	22	10
Wolverhampton	15	3	3	9	15	26	9
West Ham	15	1	6	8	14	25	8
Birmingham	15	1	5	9	12	28	7

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Bonus Pts	Pts
Nice	**15**	**8**	**2**	**5**	**31**	**16**	**6**	**24**
St Etienne	15	8	4	3	27	15	4	24
Lens	15	9	1	5	29	28	5	24
Angers	15	7	3	5	28	23	5	22
Reims	15	7	3	5	29	25	5	22
Sochaux	15	7	3	5	26	19	4	21
Lyon	15	7	4	4	28	25	3	21
Bastia	15	7	3	5	22	17	3	20
Nimes	15	6	5	4	22	18	3	20
Nantes	15	6	4	5	22	17	3	19
Monaco	15	4	6	5	27	26	4	18
Nancy	15	3	7	5	19	27	3	16
Paris	15	5	2	8	24	36	4	16
Bordeaux	15	3	6	6	20	22	3	15
Troyes	15	5	3	7	19	21	2	15
Metz	15	5	3	7	17	19	2	15
Marseille	15	4	4	7	24	27	3	15
Rennes	15	5	4	6	13	17	0	14
Strasbourg	15	4	4	7	19	30	2	14
Sedan	15	3	3	9	13	31	0	9

HUNGARY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Raba ETO	**12**	**7**	**3**	**2**	**17**	**13**	**17**
Honved	12	8	0	4	28	12	16
Ferencvaros	12	7	3	2	22	11	16
Ujpest Dozsa	12	7	3	2	29	20	16
Tatabanya	12	6	4	2	19	14	16
Salgotarjan	12	4	6	2	11	10	14
Pecs	12	4	6	2	13	18	14
Csepel	12	5	3	4	17	16	13
Videoton	12	4	4	4	15	17	12
MTK Budapest	12	4	2	6	15	17	10
Haladas	12	3	4	5	12	14	10
Vasas	12	2	5	5	11	16	9
Zalaegerszeg	12	3	3	6	11	20	9
Szeged	12	3	2	7	14	17	8
Egyetertes	12	0	7	5	9	22	7
Dorog	12	1	3	8	11	22	5

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Valencia	**10**	**7**	**0**	**3**	**18**	**14**	**14**
Malaga	10	4	5	1	11	6	13
Barcelona	10	4	3	3	15	7	11
Atletico Madrid	10	5	1	4	16	9	11
Zaragoza	10	4	3	3	13	14	11
Real Madrid	10	2	6	2	10	6	10
Celta Vigo	10	4	2	4	13	12	10
Murcia	10	2	6	2	10	11	10
Atletico Bilbao	10	4	2	4	10	11	10
Las Palmas	10	5	0	5	7	8	10
Oviedo	10	4	2	4	11	14	10
Real Sociedad	10	4	2	4	11	15	10
Espanol	9	4	1	4	10	8	9
Santander	10	2	5	3	9	13	9
Castellon	10	2	4	4	10	13	8
Gijon	10	4	0	6	12	16	8
Granada	10	2	4	4	7	13	8
Elche	9	2	2	5	6	12	6

EIRE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cork Hibs	**6**	**5**	**0**	**1**	**14**	**4**	**10**
Bohemians	6	4	1	1	18	5	9
Finn Harps	6	3	2	1	11	11	8
Cork Celtic	6	3	2	1	11	11	8
Waterford	5	3	1	1	14	12	7
Dundalk	6	3	1	2	9	8	7
Limerick	6	2	2	2	10	8	6
Sligo Rovers	6	2	1	3	8	9	5
St Patricks	5	2	0	3	4	5	4
Shelbourne	5	2	0	3	8	12	4
Shamrock Rovers	6	1	2	3	4	8	4
Athlone	5	1	1	3	2	6	3
Home Farm	6	1	1	4	4	12	3
Drogheda	6	1	0	5	6	16	2

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SW Innsbruck	**15**	**10**	**4**	**1**	**40**	**11**	**24**
VOeEST Linz	15	11	2	2	28	12	24
Austria/WAC	15	8	4	3	29	16	20
Rapid Vienna	14	7	5	2	31	18	19
Austria Salzburg	15	7	3	5	21	16	17
Sturm Graz	15	8	1	6	13	16	17
VSV Radenthein	15	3	9	3	19	16	15
Austria Klagenfurt	15	5	4	6	20	21	14
Admira/Wacker	15	6	2	7	26	29	14
Alpine Donawitz	15	5	3	7	23	25	13
Graz AK	15	4	5	6	14	19	13
Simmering	15	4	4	7	23	24	12
Linz ASK	15	4	3	8	18	24	11
Wiener Sportklub	15	3	5	7	19	35	11
Eisenstadt	15	4	2	9	16	29	10
Vorarlberg	15	3	4	8	14	27	10
Vienna	15	3	4	8	13	29	10

SWITZERLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Zurich	**10**	**7**	**3**	**0**	**22**	**9**	**17**
Neuchatel Xamax	9	6	2	1	20	7	14
Lausanne	9	5	2	2	20	14	12
Grasshoppers	9	4	2	3	17	13	10
St Gallen	9	4	2	3	16	13	10
Servette	9	4	2	3	18	15	10
Winterthur	9	4	2	3	10	11	10
Young Boys	9	4	1	4	19	16	9
Basel	9	4	1	4	15	14	9
Chiasso	9	2	2	5	8	14	6
Chaux-de-Fonds	10	1	4	5	10	18	6
Sion	9	1	3	5	5	12	5
Lugano	9	1	3	5	8	19	5
Chenois	9	1	3	5	1	18	5

ARGENTINA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Huracan	**32**	**19**	**8**	**5**	**62**	**30**	**46**
Boca Juniors	32	18	6	8	67	37	42
San Lorenzo	32	15	10	7	52	37	40
Independiente	32	15	8	9	44	32	38
River Plate	32	15	7	10	59	56	37
Velez Sarsfield	32	13	8	11	49	46	34
Estud. de La Plata	32	12	9	11	51	47	33
Rosario Central	32	12	9	11	44	46	33
Atlanta	32	12	8	12	33	39	32
Argentinos Jrs.	32	12	7	13	41	50	31
Gimnasia y Esg.	32	9	12	11	54	55	30
Racing	32	8	14	10	44	47	30
Chacarita Juniors	32	8	11	13	34	46	27
Newell's Old Boys	32	10	6	16	45	54	26
Colon de Santa Fe	32	5	14	13	32	45	24
All Boys	32	8	5	19	34	60	21
Ferra Carril Oeste	32	7	6	19	36	56	20

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

● Continued from page 45

Rumania smash Finland

THOUGH Rumania took two precious World Cup points from East Germany in Bucharest, the Germans levelled matters with a 2-0 win in Leipzig. To give themselves a chance on goals difference, if Albania should hold up East Germany, the Rumanians had to get at least nine goals at home to Finland.

That is precisely what they did, temporarily going to the top of the group with a point lead.

Two up after eight minutes and 5-0 ahead at the break, the Rumanians tore the Finns defence apart and bombarded Alaja with a swarm of shots. In between Alaja put up a brave show and was voted the best Finn on view!

Dumitrache scored twice, as did left winger Marcu and Mircea. With just over the hour gone Rumania led 8-0 but the vital ninth goal wouldn't come. Dumitrache was replaced by Georghescu with 15 minutes left and in the final minutes it was the substitute who got the vital last goal. Alas it was all in vain, though a brave try.

Denmark unlucky

FOUR years ago Denmark beat Hungary 3-2 in Copenhagen; a defeat that put them out of the World Cup. The Hungarians recent visit could have produced the same result for apart from their goals scored by Henning Jensen (Monchengladbach) and substitute Stendahl the ball three times hit Hungarian posts and the Norwegian referee disallowed another goal for off-side.

Yet twice the Hungarians led, both goals scored by Arpad Fazekas and for 40 minutes they were 2-1 up. Even so the Danes who came together only 48 hours before the game looked a better knit side and though they had to be satisfied with a 2-2 draw, deserved to win.

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Results ... dates ... tables ... res

AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1

19.11.72 Morocco 0, Senegal 0
3.12.72 Senegal 1, Morocco 2

Group 2

2. 3.72 Algeria 1, Guinea 0
12. 3.72 Guinea 5, Algeria 1

Second Preliminary Round

Guinea 1, Morocco 1
Morocco 2, Guinea 0

Group 3

8.12.72 AR Egypt 2, Tunisia 1
17.12.72 Tunisia 2, AR Egypt 0

Group 4

15.10.72 Sierra Leone 0, Ivory Coast 1
29.10.72 Ivory Coast 2, Sierra Leone 0

Second Preliminary Round

Tunisia 1, Ivory Coast 1
Ivory Coast 2, Tunisia 1

Group 5

16. 7.72 Kenya 2, Sudan 0
23. 7.72 Sudan 1, Kenya 0

Group 6

Mauritius v. Madagascar
Madagascar v. Mauritius
Madagascar withdrew

Second Preliminary Round

10.12.72 Mauritius 1, Kenya 3
17.12.72 Kenya 2, Mauritius 2

Group 7

25.11.72 Ethiopia 0, Tanzania 0
3.12.72 Tanzania 1, Ethiopia 1
Play-off Ethiopia 3, Tanzania 0

Group 8

30. 4.72 Lesotho 0, Zambia 0
4. 6.72 Zambia 6, Lesotho 1

Second Preliminary Round

1. 4.73 Ethiopia 0, Zambia 0
15. 4.73 Zambia 4, Ethiopia 2

Group 9

5. 8.72 Nigeria 2, Congo Brazza. 1
15. 8.72 Congo Brazza. 1, Nigeria 1

Group 10

18. 6.72 Dahomey 0, Ghana 5
2. 7.72 Ghana 5, Dahomey 1

Second Preliminary Round

Nigeria 2, Ghana 3
Ghana 1, Nigeria 1

Group 11

6. 6.72 Togo 0, Zaire 0
20. 6.72 Zaire 4, Togo 0

Group 12

Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons
Gabon withdrew

Second Preliminary Round

4. 2.73 Cameroon 0, Zaire 1
25. 2.73 Zaire 0, Cameroon 1
27. 2.73 Zaire 2, Cameroon 0

Third Round

20. 5.73 Ivory Coast 1, Morocco 1
3. 6.73 Morocco 4, Ivory Coast 1
12. 8.73 Zambia 2, Kenya 0
19. 8.73 Kenya 2, Zambia 2
5. 8.73 Ghana 1, Zaire 0
19. 8.73 Zaire 4, Ghana 1

African Zone Finals

Zambia 4, Morocco 0
Zambia 0, Zaire 2

ASIA

Sub-Group B1

4. 3.73 Australia 1, New Zealand 1
11. 3.73 Australia 3, Iraq 1
Indonesia 1, New Zealand 1
13. 3.73 Iraq 2, New Zealand 0
Australia 2, Indonesia 1
16. 3.73 Iraq 1, Indonesia 1
Australia 3, New Zealand 3
18. 3.73 Indonesia 1, New Zealand 0
Australia 0, Iraq 0
21. 3.73 Iraq 3, Indonesia 2
24. 3.73 Iraq 4, New Zealand 0
Australia 6, Indonesia 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Australia	6	3	3	0	15	6	9
Iraq	6	3	2	1	11	6	8
Indonesia	6	1	2	3	6	13	4
New Zealand	6	0	3	3	5	12	3

Asia Sub-Group B2

4. 5.73 North Korea 0, Iran 0
4. 5.73 Syria 2, Kuwait 1
6. 5.73 Iran 2, Kuwait 1
6. 5.73 North Korea 1, Syria 1
8. 5.73 Iran 1, Syria 0
8. 5.73 Kuwait 0, North Korea 0
11. 5.73 North Korea 1, Iran 2
11. 5.73 Syria 2, Kuwait 0
13. 5.73 Iran 2, Kuwait 0
13. 5.73 North Korea 3, Syria 0
15. 5.73 Syria 1, Iran 0
15. 5.73 Kuwait 2, North Korea 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Iran	6	4	1	1	7	3	8
Syria	6	3	1	2	6	6	7
North Korea	6	1	3	2	5	5	5
Kuwait	6	1	1	4	4	8	3

18. 8.73 Australia 3, Iran 0
24. 8.73 Iran 2, Australia 0

Asia Sub Group A

Group A

Hong Kong (0) 1, South Vietnam (0) 0
Japan (2) 4, South Vietnam (0) 0
Japan (0) 0, Hong Kong (0) 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hong Kong	2	2	0	0	2	0	4
Japan	2	1	0	1	4	1	2
South Vietnam	2	0	0	2	0	5	0

Group B

South Korea (0) 4, Thailand (0) 0
Israel (1) 6, Thailand (0) 0
Malaysia (0) 2, Thailand (0) 0
South Korea (0) 0, Israel (0) 0
South Korea (0) 0, Malaysia (0) 0
Israel (2) 3, Malaysia (0) 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Israel	3	2	1	0	9	0	5
South Korea	3	1	2	0	4	0	4
Malaysia	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Thailand	3	0	0	3	0	12	0

Semi finals

South Korea (1) 3, Hong Kong (1) 1
Israel (0) 1, Japan (0) 0*

Final

South Korea (0) 1, Israel (0) 0*
* *after extra time*

Asian Zone Finals

First Leg

Australia 0, South Korea 0

Second Leg

South Korea 2, Australia 2

Play-off

CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1

20. 8.72 Canada 3, USA 2
24. 8.72 Canada 0, Mexico 1
29. 8.72 USA 2, Canada 2
3.10.72 Mexico 3, USA 1
6.10.72 Mexico 2, Canada 1
10.10.72 USA 1, Mexico 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Mexico	4	4	0	0	8	3	8
Canada	4	1	1	2	6	7	3
USA	4	0	1	3	6	10	1

Group 2

3.12.72 Guatemala 1, El Salvador 0
10.12.72 El Salvador 0, Guatemala 1

Group 3

3.12.72 Honduras 2, Costa Rica 1
10.12.72 Costa Rica 3, Honduras 3

Group 4

11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica
Jamaica withdrew

Group 5

15. 4.72 Haiti 7, Puerto Rico 0
26. 9.72 Puerto 0, Haiti 5

Group 6

26.11.72 Surinam 1, Trinidad 2
30.11.72 Trinidad 1, Surinam 1
10.12.72 Surinam 3, Antigua 1
3.12.72 Antigua 0, Surinam 6
10.11.72 Trinidad 11, Antigua 1
19.11.72 Antigua 1, Trinidad 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trinidad	4	3	1	0	16	4	7
Surinam	4	2	1	1	11	4	5
Antigua	4	0	0	4	3	22	0

Final Tournament

29.11.73 Honduras v. Trinidad
30.11.73 Mexico v. Guatemala
1.12.73 Haiti v. Neth. Antilles
3.12.73 Honduras v. Mexico
5.12.73 Neth. Antilles v. Guatemala
7.12.73 Honduras v. Haiti
8.12.73 Neth. Antilles v. Mexico
10.12.73 Guatemala v. Trinidad
12.12.73 Honduras v. Neth. Antilles
13.12.73 Guatemala v. Haiti
14.12.73 Trinidad v. Mexico
15.12.73 Honduras v. Guatemala
17.12.73 Trinidad v. Neth. Antilles
18.12.73 Mexico v. Haiti

EUROPE

Group 1

14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria 4, Malta 0
6. 5.72 Hungary 3, Malta 0

ults ... dates ... tables ... results

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25. 5.72 Sweden 0, Hungary 0
10. 6.72 Austria 2, Sweden 0
15.10.72 Sweden 7, Malta 0
15.10.72 Austria 2, Hungary 2
25.11.72 Malta 0, Austria 2
29. 4.73 Hungary 2, Austria 2
24. 5.73 Sweden 3, Austria 2
13. 6.73 Hungary 3, Sweden 3
11.11.73 Malta 1, Sweden 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria	6	3	2	1	14	7	8
Sweden	6	3	2	1	15	8	8
Hungary	6	2	4	0	12	7	8
Malta	6	0	0	6	1	20	0

Group 2

8.10.72 Luxembourg 0, Italy 4
21.10.72 Switzerland 0, Italy 0
22.10.72 Luxembourg 2, Turkey 0
10.12.72 Turkey 3, Luxembourg 0
13. 1.73 Italy 0, Turkey 0
25. 2.73 Turkey 0, Italy 1
31. 3.73 Italy 5, Luxembourg 0
8. 4.73 Luxembourg 0, Switzerland 1
9. 5.73 Switzerland 0, Turkey 0
26. 9.73 Switzerland 1, Luxembourg 0
20.10.73 Italy 2, Switzerland 0
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	6	4	2	0	12	0	10
Switzerland	5	2	2	1	2	2	6
Turkey	5	1	2	2	3	3	4
Luxembourg	6	1	0	5	2	14	2

Group 3

18. 5.72 Belgium 4, Iceland 0
22. 5.72 Iceland 0, Belgium 4 (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway 4, Iceland 1
4.10.72 Norway 0, Belgium 2
1.11.72 Netherlands 9, Norway 0
19.11.72 Belgium 0, Netherlands 0
2. 8.73 Iceland 0, Norway 4
22. 8.73 Netherlands 5, Iceland 0
29. 8.73 Iceland 1, Netherlands 8 (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway 1, Netherlands 2
31.10.73 Belgium 2, Norway 0
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	5	4	1	0	12	0	9
Netherlands	5	4	1	0	24	2	9
Norway	6	2	0	4	11	16	4
Iceland	6	0	0	6	2	29	0

Group 4

21. 6.72 Finland 1, Albania 0
20. 9.72 Finland 1, Rumania 1
7.10.72 East Germany 5, Finland 0
29.10.72 Rumania 2, Albania 0
8. 4.73 East Germany 2, Albania 0
6. 5.73 Albania 1, Rumania 4
27. 5.73 Rumania 1, East Germany 0
6. 6.73 Finland 1, East Germany 5
26. 9.73 East Germany 2, Rumania 0
10.10.73 Albania 2, Finland 0
14.10.73 Rumania 9, Finland 0
3.11.73 Albania 1, East Germany 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
East Germany	6	5	0	1	18	3	10
Rumania	6	4	1	1	17	4	9
Finland	6	1	1	4	3	12	3
Albania	6	1	0	5	4	13	2

Group 5

15.11.72 Wales 0, England 1
24. 1.73 England 1, Wales 1
28. 3.73 Wales 2, Poland 0
6. 6.73 Poland 2, England 0
26. 9.73 Poland 3, Wales 0
17.10.73 England 1, Poland 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Poland	4	2	1	1	6	3	5
England	4	1	2	1	3	4	4
Wales	4	1	1	2	2	5	3

Group 6

29. 3.72 Portugal 4, Cyprus 0
10. 5.72 Cyprus 0, Portugal 1
18.10.72 Bulgaria 3, Northern Ireland 0
19.11.72 Cyprus 0, Bulgaria 4
14. 2.73 Cyprus 1, Northern Ireland 0
28. 3.73 Northern Ireland 1, Portugal 1
2. 5.73 Bulgaria 2, Portugal 1
9. 5.73 Northern Ireland 3, Cyprus 0
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland 0, Bulgaria 0
13.10.73 Portugal 2, Bulgaria 2
14.11.73 Portugal 1, Northern Ireland 1
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	5	3	2	0	11	1	8
Portugal	6	2	3	1	10	6	7
N. Ireland	6	1	3	2	5	5	5
Cyprus	5	1	0	4	1	12	2

Group 7

19.10.72 Spain 2, Yugoslavia 2
18.11.72 Yugoslavia 1, Greece 0
17. 1.73 Greece 2, Spain 3
21. 2.73 Spain 3, Greece 1
21.10.73 Yugoslavia 0, Spain 0
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Spain	4	2	2	0	8	5	6
Yugoslavia	3	1	2	0	8	3	4
Greece	3	0	0	3	3	7	0

Group 8

18.10.72 Denmark 1, Scotland 4
15.11.72 Scotland 2, Denmark 0
2. 5.73 Denmark 1, Czechoslovakia 1
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia 6, Denmark 0
26. 9.73 Scotland 2, Czechoslovakia 1
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia 1, Scotland 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Scotland	4	3	0	1	8	3	6
Czechoslovakia	4	2	1	1	9	3	5
Denmark	4	0	1	3	2	13	1

Group 9

13.10.72 France 1, USSR 0
18.10.72 Eire 1, USSR 2
15.11.72 Eire 2, France 1
13. 5.73 USSR 1, Eire 0
19. 5.73 France 1, Eire 1
26. 5.73 USSR 2, France 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
USSR	4	3	0	1	5	2	6
Eire	4	1	1	2	4	5	3
France	4	1	1	2	3	5	3

Play-off with South America Group 3
USSR 0, Chile 0

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1

21. 6.73 Colombia 1, Ecuador 1
24. 6.73 Colombia 0, Uruguay 0
28. 6.73 Ecuador 1, Columbia 1
1. 7.73 Ecuador 1, Uruguay 2
5. 7.73 Uruguay 0, Colombia 1
8. 7.73 Uruguay 4, Ecuador 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Uruguay	4	2	1	1	6	2	5
Colombia	4	1	3	0	3	2	5
Ecuador	4	0	2	2	3	8	2

Group 2

2. 9.73 Bolivia 1, Paraguay 2
9. 9.73 Argentina 4, Bolivia 0
16. 9.73 Paraguay 1, Argentina 1
23. 9.73 Bolivia 0, Argentina 1
30. 9.73 Paraguay 4, Bolivia 0
7.10.73 Argentina 3, Paraguay 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Argentina	4	3	1	0	9	2	7
Paraguay	4	2	1	1	8	5	5
Bolivia	5	0	0	5	1	11	0

Group 3

29. 4.73 Peru 2, Chile 0
3. 5.73 Chile 2, Peru 0
15. 8.73 Chile 2, Peru 1
(Venezuela withdrew)

Play-off with Europe Group 9
USSR 0, Chile 0

The defeated South Korean team after they had lost to Australia.

Classified results

Switzerland (1) 1 (Blattler)
Luxembourg (0) 0

Switzerland: Deck; Valentini, Hasler, Wegmann, Mundschin, Kuhn, Considey (Balmer), Odermatt, Muller, Blattler, Demarmels.
Luxembourg: Moes; Kirsch, Hansen, Pilot, Da Grava, Flenghi, Wen (Krecke), Philipp, Dussier, J.P. Hoffmann (Greunich), Braun.

England (3) 7 (Channon 2, Clarke 2, Currie, Chivers, Bell)
Austria (0) 0

England: Shilton; Madeley, Hughes, Bell, McFarland, Hunter, Currie, Channon, Chivers, Clarke, Peters.
Austria: Koncilia; Sara, Krieger, Schmidradner, Eigerstiller (Kreiss), Hattenberger (Gombasch), Kreuz, Starek, Krankl, Eltmayer, Jara.

USSR (0) 0
Chile (0) 0

USSR: Rudakov; Fonikov, Dzodzashvili, Loftchev, Kaplichny, Muntian, Kuznetsov (Dolmatov), Domanov, Andrassian (Kojemiakin), Onishenko, Blokhin.
Chile: Olivares; Machuca, Arias, Figueras, Rodriguez, Paez, Avalos, Caneely, Almonacid, Velez (Crisosto), Vasquez.

Northern Ireland (0) 0
Bulgaria (0) 0

Northern Ireland: McPaul; Rice, Craig, O'Kane, Hunter, Clements, Jackson (Coyle), O'Neill (Cassidy), Morgan, Anderson, Hamilton.
Bulgaria: Goranov; Zafirov, Aladjov, Jetchev, Ivkov, Bonev, Kolev, Strajanov, Alechandrov, Milanov, Denev.

Italy (0) 2 (Anastasi, Riva)
Sweden (0) 0

Italy: Zoff; Spinosi, Facchetti, Benetti, Morini (Belugi), Burgnich, Mazzola, Capello, Anastasi, Rivera, Riva.
Sweden: Hellstrom; Olsson, Andersson (B), Karlsson, Nordqvist, Tapper, Bo Larsson, Svensson, Tottenson (Andersson, G.), Edstrom (Kindvall), Sandberg.

Bolivia (0) 0
Argentina (1) 1 (Fornari)

Bolivia: Jimenez; Angulo, Artelo, Peres, Iriondo, Costa Rojas (Olivera), Freddy Vargas, Orozco, Meaza, Morales (Lindo), Linares, Fernandez.
Argentina: Carnevali; Glaria, Bargas, Tagliani, Cortes, Galvan, Telch (Trobbiani), Poy, Fornari, Kempes (Bochini), Ayala.

Paraguay (3) 4 (Insfran, Bareiro, Osorio, Arrua)
Bolivia (0) 0

Paraguay: Almeida; Molinas, Sosa, Ortiz Aquino, Leon, Jara Saguier (Espinosa), Osorio (Verza), Arrua, Escobar, Insfran, Bareiro.
Bolivia: Jimenez; Olivera, Perez, Artelo, Iriondo, Vargas, Angulo, Meaza, Porfirio, Jimenez (Morales), Cabrera, Fernandez.

Argentina (1) 3 (Ayala 2, Guerini)
Paraguay (1) 1 (Escobar)

Argentina: Carnevali; Wolff, Sa, Bargas, Correa, Brindisi, Telch, Babington (Balbuena), Ponce (Guerini), Ayala, Chazarreta.
Paraguay: Almeida; Molinas, Ortiz Aquino, Leon, Sosa, Osorio (R. Correa), Arrua, Jara Saguier, Escobar, Insfran (Jimenez), Espinosa.

West Germany (2) 4 (Muller 2, Weber, Erwin Kremers)
Austria (0) 0

West Germany: Kleff; Kapellmann (Helmut Kremers), Hottges, Weber (Holzenbein), Beckenbauer (Cullmann), Flohe, Grabowski, Hoeness, Muller, Overath, Erwin Kremers.
Austria: Retenstainer; Krieger (Sara), Kreiss, Schmidradner, Harvath, Hof, Hasil, Kreuz, Parits, Krankl, Sterin (Pirkner).

Holland (1) 1 (De Jong)
Poland (1) (Deyna)

Holland: Van Beveren (Schrijvers), Suurbier, Krol, De Jong, Mansveld, Schinkel, Neeskens (Van Iersel), Haan, Van Der Kerkhof, Cruyff (Wery), Keizer (Rensenbrink).
Poland: Tomaszewski (Kalinowski); Szymanowski, Musial (Gut), Bulzacki, Gorgon, Kasperczak, Lato, Cmikiewicz, Deyna, Domarski, Gadocha.

Albania (0) 1 (Ragamiin pen)
Finland (0) 0

Albania: Dinella; Vasha, Selfini, Deriska, Dershimi, Seljimi, Ragamiin, Braho, Ternaska (Muratl), Hosha, Kallichi.
Finland: Alaja; Virkuinen, Saviola, Mekkinen, Ranta, Shumalainen, Taviola, Pavaolainen, Maninen, Bergstrom, Suhonen (Pavatalainen).

Rumania (5) 9 (Dumitru, Marcu 2, Mircea 2, Dumitrache 2, Pantea, Georgescu)
Finland (0) 0

Rumania: Raducanu; Satmareanu, Antonescu, Sames, Deleanu, Dumitru, Dinu, Pantea, Sandu Mircea, Dumitrache (Georgescu), Marcu.
Finland: Alaja; Virkunen, Saviomaa, Rajanti (Pronzel), Ranta, Suomalainen, Kalio, Paavolainen, Maninen, Paatelainen (Bergstrom), Toivola.

Portugal (0) 2 (Simoes, Quaresma)
Bulgaria (0) 2 (Bonev 2)

Portugal: Jose Henrique; Artur, Humberto, Alhinho, Maine, Toni, Simoes (Quaresma), Nene, Torres, Eusebio (Jordao), Diita.
Bulgaria: Goranov; Zafirov, Ivkov, Aladjov, Kolev, Zecev, Voinov, Bonev, Milanoev (Dimitrov), Denev, Stoyanov.

England (0) 1 (Clarke pen)
Poland (0) 1 (Domarski)

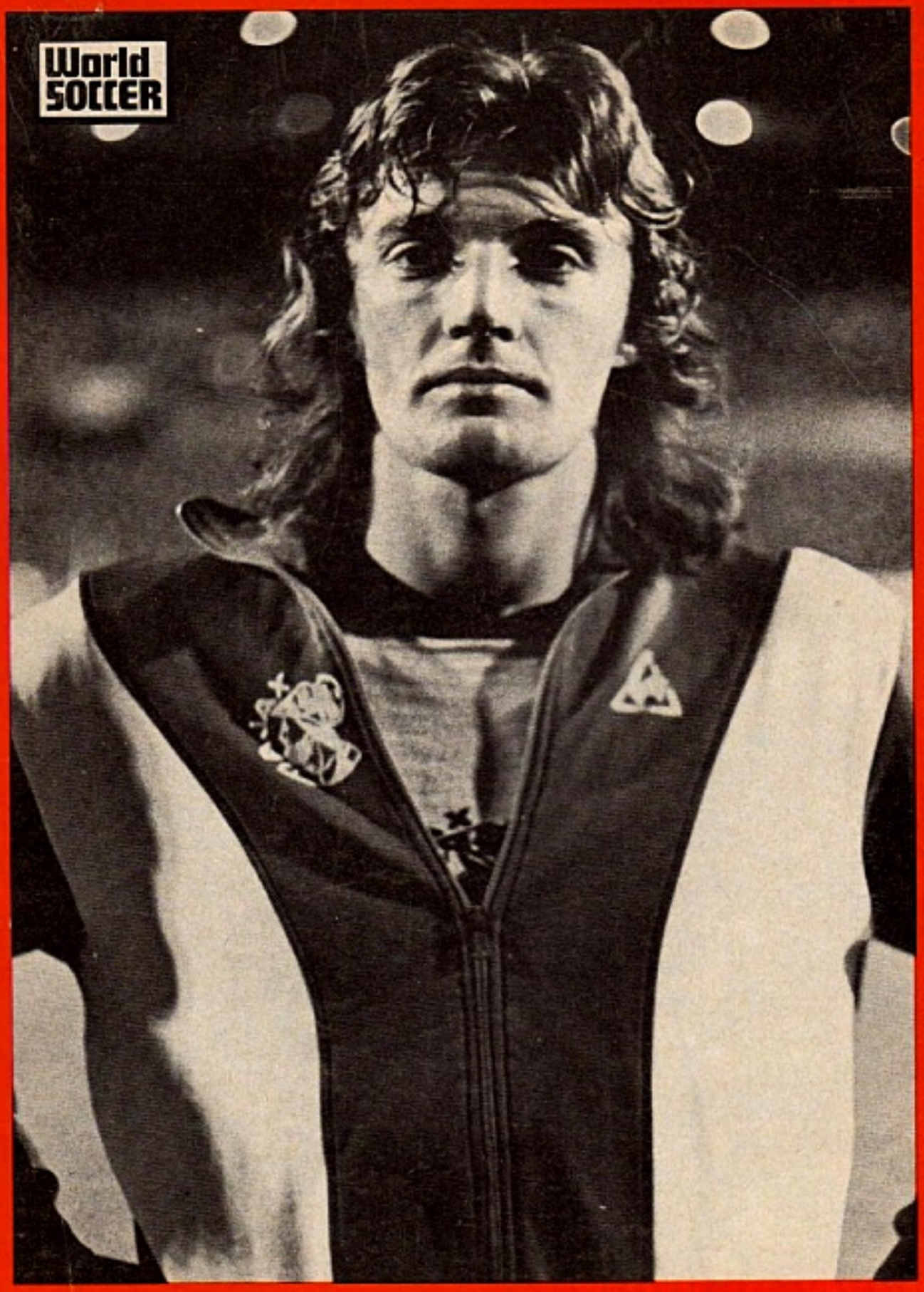
England: Shilton; Madeley, Hughes, Bell, McFarland, Hunter, Currie, Channon, Chivers (Hector), Clarke, Peters.
Poland: Tomaszewski; Szymanowski, Musial, Bulzacki, Gorgon, Kasperczak, Lato, Onikiewicz, Deyna, Domarski, Gadocha.

Czechoslovakia (1) 1 (Nehoda pen)
Scotland (0) 0

Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Samek, Pivarnik, Dovrak, Hagara, Bicovsky, Pollak, Gajdusek, Frantisek Vesely (Klement), Nehoda, Cajkovic (Panenka).
Scotland: Harvey; Jardine, McGrain, Forsyth, Blackley, Hay, Morgan, Jordon, Law (Ford), Dalglish, Hutchison.

Argentina champions Hurucan. Standing left to right: Tolisano, Cantu, Chebay, Russo, Rios, Basile, Ronganti, Carrascosa. Kneeling: Houseman, Scalise, Leaone, del Valle, Quiroga, Larrosa, Tello.

World SOCCER
JOVAN ACIMOVIC
F.C. Red Star



RUDI KROL Ajax